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THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Edited by AUSTIN HARRISON

2/- Net MONTHLY

AUGUST 1921

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	Jane Stuart Binnie
	A. E. Coppard
	Constance Green
The Gioconda Smile	**Aldous Huxley**
A Waste-Paper Philosophy (ii)	**T. P. Cameron Wilson**
How We Prepared the Zeebrugge Attack	**Eyewitness**
Band Music	**Sydney A. Moseley**
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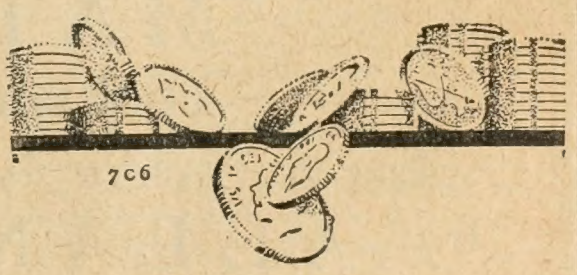

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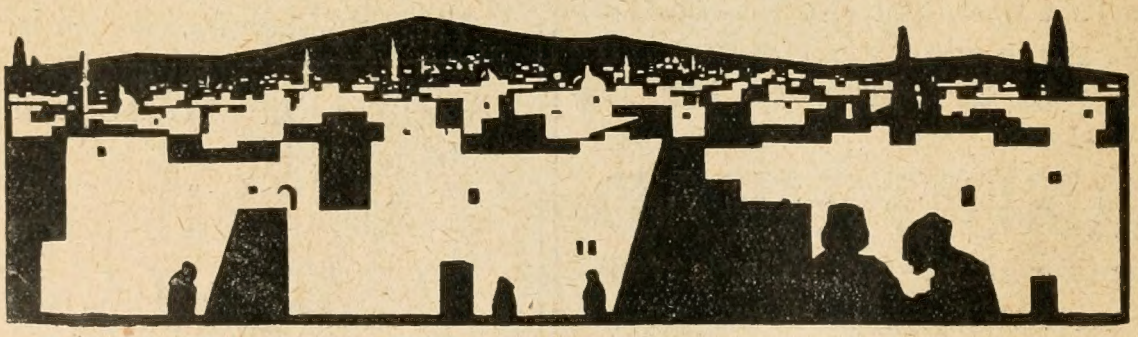
THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Edited by Austin Harrison

CONTENTS OF THE ONE-HUNDRED-AND-FIFTY-THIRD NUMBER

			PAGE
1	D. H. LAWRENCE	Two Poems	81
	JANE STUART BINNIE	A Butterfly	84
	A. E. COPPARD	Geography on the Jew's Harp	85
	CONSTANCE GREEN	Wild Roses	87
2	ALDOUS HUXLEY	The Gioconda Smile	88
3	T. P. CAMERON WILSON	A Waste-Paper Philosophy (ii)	118
4	EYEWITNESS	How We Prepared the Zeebrugge Attack	123
5	SYDNEY A. MOSELEY	Band Music	130
6	S. O.	Back to Methuselah	136
7	AUSTIN HARRISON	Britain's Opportunity	141
8	PROFESSOR JOHN MACNEILL	Irish Settlement	145
9	DOUGLAS AINSLIE	A Note on Bullen's Poetry	154
10	CIVIS	A Melancholy Contrast	157
11	AUSTIN HARRISON	Great Prospects	158
2		Books	165



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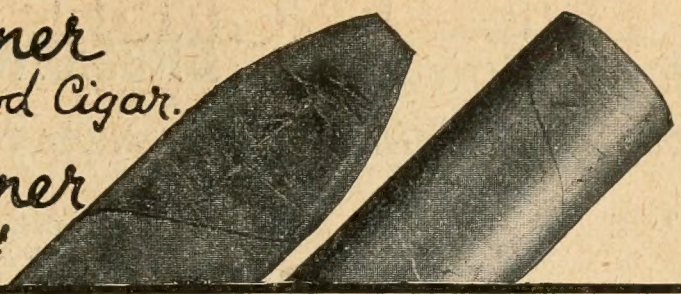

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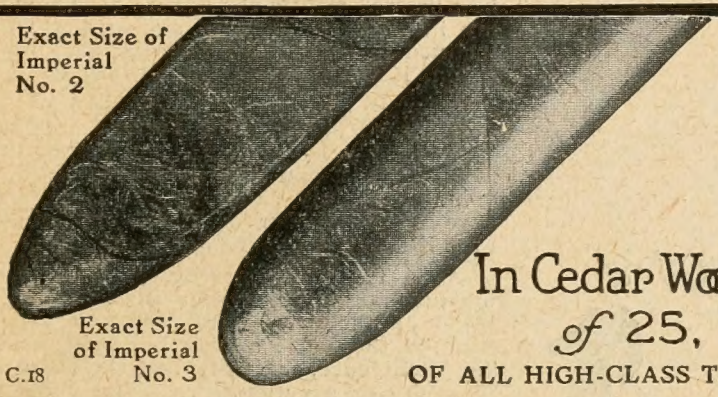

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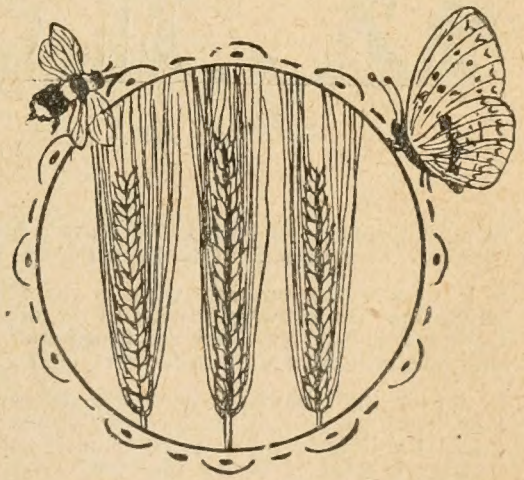

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DRESSING FOR THE PLAY

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

Houp là!

Dress is, as a rule, a cultivated and not an instinctive art. With men it is a study of the male conventions; with women it is a study of the female emotions.

We must all dress our parts in the game of life; for as we appear to be, so usually are we judged.

Before the War (how sick we all are of this phrase. Can't we date it B.W.?) the English held the reputation of being the best dressed men in the world. It is against my interests, perhaps, to say so, but I am inclined to think we are losing that reputation, if we have not already lost it.

A small minority in the West End are well turned out, but the average standard is deplorably bad. Money has flowed into new channels, and those who know how to dress can barely afford it, and those who have recently acquired money apparently find it more difficult to acquire taste.

As a typical illustration, it is interesting to observe the average audience in the stalls of the West End Theatres to-day. For the theatre is a very fair criterion of the intelligence, the taste, and the manners of a city or a nation.

In appearance, at least, the stalls used to acknowledge that "all the world's a stage" and dress the part accordingly, even if only to disturb the belief of those behind the footlights that the stage is "all the world."

But now the stalls are positively appalling.

Whenever I am able, I attend first nights Not only to criticise, but because the audience are clean. On other nights they are not.

There is a bad slump in the theatres, as in most things. But even if there are a few bad plays it is not fantastic to say that the manners of many audiences tend to keep decent people away.

I am not exaggerating when I say that in the stalls of the West End I have seen people eating bananas, chewing gum, and scrunching nuts—thank God they don't bring pineapples yet. I am not a snob but there are times and places for all things, and I do think these vegetarians might be requested to high-tea early or sup late.

As for their clothes, about one person in six wears evening dress; of the remainder, the women are comic and the men are grotesque. Brown boots are quite the vogue; the knut often wears a golf jacket no one could play golf in; and as to their linen—it is pleasanter to choose Monday instead of Friday for your dramatic entertainment.

In the interval, the floor of the bar is strewn with dropped aspirates, and from the dialects one hears, one is forced to the conclusion that the fruits of Victory have found their natural home in Covent Garden.

But let us be charitable and trust that their hearts, like their pockets, are of gold.

* * * * * * * *

I have again been approached to write a new Sartor Resartus, but the symbolism of the work savours too much of homœopathy to me, so I am inclined to neglect my opportunity at present. But those who wish to study the subtleties of dress will be studiously received at this House. Lounge Suits from £10 10s. Dinner Suits from £16 16s. Dress Suits from £18 18s. Riding Breeches from £5 15s. 6d. Overcoats from £8 8s.

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THE
ENGLISH REVIEW
AUGUST, 1921.

Medlars and Sorb-Apples

By D. H. Lawrence

I LOVE you, rotten.
Delicious rottenness!

I love to suck you out from your skins,
So brown and soft and coming suave,
So morbid, as the Italians say.

What a rare, powerful, reminiscent flavour
Comes out of your falling through the stages of decay,
Stream within stream!

Something of the same flavour as Syracusan muscat wine
Or vulgar Marsala.

Though even the word Marsala will smack of preciosity
Now in the pussy-foot West.

What is it?
What is it in the grape turning raisin,
In the medlar, in the sorb-apple,
Wineskins of brown morbidity,
Autumnal excrementa,
What is it that reminds us of white gods?

Gods, nude as blanched nut-kernels,
Strangely, half-sinisterly flesh-fragrant
As if with sweat,
And drenched with mystery?
Sorb-apples, medlars with dead crowns.

I say, wonderful are the hellish experiences,
Orphic, delicate
Dionysos of the Underworld.

A kiss, and a vivid spasm of farewell, a moment's orgasm
of rupture,
Then along the damp road alone, till the next turning.
And there, a new partner, a new parting, a new unfusing
into twain,
A new gasp of further isolation,
A new intoxication of loneliness, among decaying frost-
cold leaves.

Going down the strange lanes of hell, more and more
intensely alone,
The fibres of the heart parting one after the other,
And yet the soul continuing, naked-footed, ever more
vividly embodied,
Like a flame blown whiter and whiter
In a deeper and deeper darkness,
Ever more exquisite, distilled in separation.

So, in the strange retorts of medlars and sorb-apples
The distilled essence of hell.
The exquisite fragrance of leave-taking. *Iamque vale!*
Orpheus, and the winding, leaf-clogged, silent lanes of
Hell.

Each soul departing with its own isolation,
Strangest of all strange companions,
And best.

Medlars, sorb-apples,
More than sweet,
Flux of autumn,
Sucked out of your empty bladders
And sipped down, perhaps, with a sip of Marsala
So that the rambling, sky-dropped grape can add its music
to yours,
Orphic farewell, and farewell, and farewell,
And the *ego sum* of Dionysos,
The *sono io* of perfect drunkenness,
Intoxication of final loneliness.

Pomegranate

By D. H. Lawrence

You tell me I am wrong.
Who are you, who is anybody, to tell me I am wrong?
I am not wrong.

In Syracuse, rock left bare by the viciousness of Greek
women,
No doubt you have forgotten the pomegranate trees in
flower,
Oh, so red, and such a lot of them.

Whereas at Venice,
Abhorrent, green, grey-bearded,
Whose Doges are old and had ancient eyes,
In the dense foliage of the inner garden
Pomegranates like bright green stones,
And barbed, barbed with a crown,
Oh, horrible crown, of spiked green metal,
Actually were growing.

Now, in Tuscany
Pomegranates to warm your hands at,
Braziers,
And crowns,
Kingly, generous, tilting crowns,
Over the left eyebrow.

And, if you dare, the fissure!

Do you mean to tell me you will see no fissure?
You prefer to look on the plain side?
For all that, the setting suns are open,
The last day fissured open with to-morrow,
Rosy, tender, glittering within there.

Do you mean to tell me there should be no fissure?
No glittering compact drops of dawn?
Do you mean it is wrong, the gold-filmed skin, integument,
shown ruptured?

For my part, I prefer my heart to be broken.
It is so lovely, dawn-kaleidoscopic, within the crack.

A Butterfly

By Jane Stuart Binnie

Embodiment of love's transforming pow'r,
Sweet as a kiss from Juno's gentle heart,
The Sun hath drawn thee to his fav'rite bow'r
Till mesh'd in all his golden hair thou art.
Fair captive, yield to his embraces warm
Who woos thee as a thing to be caress'd,
His eye hath mark'd the splendour of thy form,
And how of airy joy thou art possessed.
The true, deep, quiet things of field and lawn
Their feast and sacrament on thee bestow,
We greet the glory of the bounteous Dawn
But not to us so many transports flow,
Nor canst thou guess on thine enchanted wing
How beats the pulse of life with sorrowing.

Geography on the Jew's Harp

By A. E. Coppard.

Sir, what is Eldorado, then?

It is a town of truthful men
Who puff into the firmament
The pluming pipes of sweet content,
Till maps of the sky enchanted glow
With continents of pilèd snow,
Towers and celestial palaces,
Wherein the venturing Quixote sees
Trim shapes of laughing girls that dance
Unveiled before him. Half askance
He from those dithyrambic skies
Averts the shadow of his eyes
And, kicked on his unrejoicing hams
With sevenfold everlasting dams,
Explores for Eldorado where
The gifts of God are seemlier:
In Oskaloosa, Thame, Tamboff,
In Bath, for instance, Chickakoff,
The Grindstone Island, Alabama,
Ypsilanti, Yokohama—
For all these marvellous names refer
To Master Lloyd his register,
Though some as patently I drew
From Bacon or Bartholomew.

But Eldorado's holy sign
Is neither north nor south the Line,
In Joppa, Lampeter, nor Cork,
The Gulf of Guinea, Sneem, New York.
'Twas told to me by curious people
The sign was lodged beneath a steeple,
And that sublime extravagance
Led me many a devilish dance

For neither half o' the hemisphere
Housed Eldorado anywhere.
I much fear these simple races
Avert themselves from our bad places,
And in the zones above our hats
Go chanting long magnificats.
O that some heavenly Baedeker,
With suave propitiating purr
Soliciting large benefits
For Saginaw or Biarritz,
Would by discreet parenthesis
Discover where the lost town is!

Behind his golden unlocked gates
The King of Eldorado waits,
But not in Cutch, or Chittaboon,
Burnham Beeches, Saskatoon,
Ord of Caithness—he'd prefer
Kalamazoo to Axminster—
Port of Peter, Port of Spain,
Round the world and round again,
Stow-on-the-Wold, Chicago, quick!
Kirjath-jearim, Hackney Wick. . . .

Avast, avast there, having curled,
Like the equator, round the world,
Vex not its truthless disarray:
World without end, belay! belay!

Wild Roses

By Constance Green

FASHIONED that man may know
how fair can be
The common things God shapes
continually.

Flushed like a maiden's cheek
when in her heart
Love and its mysteries
tremblingly start.

Stencilled each perfect leaf
with crimson veins,
As if God still could spare
time, and great pains.

Treasured as heart of her
she doth enfold
In her sweet scented cup,
stamens of gold.

Framed in her sheath of green
on a tall spray,
Unfolds this lovely flower
at break of day;

Holding her rosy cup
up to the Sun;
Folding his secrets close
when day is done;

Falling when life is past
with one faint sigh;
Lovely, even in death,
her petals lie.

* * * *

Fashioned that man may know
how fair can be
The common things God shapes
continually.

The Gioconda Smile

By Aldous Huxley

I.

"Miss Spence will be down directly, sir."

"Thank you," said Mr. Hutton, without turning round. Janet Spence's parlourmaid was so ugly—ugly on purpose, it always seemed to him, malignantly, criminally ugly—that he could not bear to look at her more than was necessary. The door closed. Left to himself, Mr. Hutton got up and began to wander round the room, looking with meditative eyes at the familiar objects it contained.

Photographs of Greek statuary, photographs of the Roman Forum, coloured prints of Italian masterpieces, all very safe and well known. Poor dear Janet, what a prig—what an intellectual snob! Her real taste was illustrated in that water-colour by the pavement artist, the one she had paid half-a-crown for (and thirty-five shillings for the frame). How often he had heard her tell the story, how often expatiate on the beauties of that skilful imitation of an oleograph! "A real Artist in the streets," and you could hear the capital A in Artist as she spoke the words. She made you feel that part of his glory had entered into Janet Spence when she tendered him that half-crown for the copy of the oleograph. She was implying a compliment to her own taste and penetration. A genuine Old Master for half-a-crown. Poor, dear Janet!

Mr. Hutton came to a pause in front of a little oblong mirror. Stooping a little to get a full view of his face, he passed a white, well-manicured finger over his moustache. It was as curly, as freshly auburn as it had been twenty years ago. His hair still retained its colour, and there was no sign of baldness yet—only a certain elevation of the brow. "Shakespearean," thought Mr. Hutton, with a smile, as he surveyed the smooth and polished expanse of his forehead.

Others abide our question, thou art free . . Foot-

steps in the sea . . . Majesty . . . Shakespeare, thou shouldst be living at this hour. No, that was Milton, wasn't it? Milton, the Lady of Christ's. There was no lady about him. He was what the women would call a manly man. That was why they liked him—for the curly auburn moustache and the discreet redolence of tobacco. Mr. Hutton smiled again; he enjoyed making fun of himself. Lady of Christ's? No, no. He was the Christ of Ladies. Very pretty, very pretty. The Christ of Ladies. Mr. Hutton wished there were somebody he could tell the joke to. Poor dear Janet wouldn't appreciate it, alas!

He straightened himself up, patted his hair and resumed his peregrination. Damn the Roman Forum; he hated those dreary photographs.

Suddenly, he became aware that Janet Spence was in the room, standing near the door. Mr. Hutton started, as though he had been taken in some felonious act. To make these silent and spectral appearances was one of Janet Spence's peculiar talents. Perhaps she had been there all the time, had seen him looking at himself in the mirror. Impossible. But still, it was disquieting.

"Oh, you gave me such a surprise," said Mr. Hutton, recovering his smile and advancing with outstretched hand to meet her.

Miss Spence was smiling too: her Gioconda smile, he had once called it in a moment of half-ironical flattery. Miss Spence had taken the compliment seriously, and always tried to live up to the Leonardo standard. She smiled on in silence while Mr. Hutton shook hands; that was part of the Gioconda business.

"I hope you're well," said Mr. Hutton. "You look it."

What a queer face she had! That small mouth pursed forward by the Gioconda expression into a little snout with a round hole in the middle as though for whistling—it was like a penholder seen from the front. Above the mouth a well-shaped nose, finely aquiline. Eyes large, lustrous and dark, with the largeness, lustre and darkness that seems to invite sties and an occasional blood-shot suffusion. They were fine eyes, but unchangingly grave. The penholder might do its Gioconda trick, but the eyes never altered in their earnestness. Above them, a pair of boldly arched,

heavily pencilled black eyebrows lent a surprising air of power, as of a Roman matron, to the upper portion of the face. Her hair was dark and equally Roman; Agrippina from the brows upward.

"I thought I'd just look in on my way home," Mr. Hutton went on. "Ah, it's good to be back here"; he indicated with a wave of his hand the flowers in the vases, the sunshine and greenery beyond the windows, "it's good to be back in the country after a stuffy day of business in town."

Miss Spence, who had sat down, pointed to a chair at her side.

"No, really, I can't sit down," Mr. Hutton protested. "I must get back to see how poor Emily is. She was rather seedy this morning." He sat down nevertheless. "It's these wretched liver chills. She's always getting them. Women——" He broke off and coughed, so as to hide the fact that he had uttered. He was about to say that women with weak digestions ought not to marry; but the remark was too cruel, and he didn't really believe it. Janet Spence, moreover, was a believer in eternal flames and spiritual attachments. "She hopes to be well enough," he added, "to see you at luncheon to-morrow. Can you come? Do!" He smiled persuasively. "It's my invitation, too, you know."

She dropped her eyes, and Mr. Hutton almost thought that he detected a certain reddening of the cheek. It was a tribute; he stroked his moustache.

"I should like to come if you think Emily's really well enough to have a visitor."

"Of course. You'll do her good. You'll do us both good. In married life three is often better company than two."

"Oh, you're cynical."

Mr. Hutton always had a desire to say "Bow-wow-wow" whenever that last word was spoken. It irritated him more than any other word in the language. But instead of barking he made haste to protest.

"No, no. I'm only speaking a melancholy truth. Reality doesn't always come up to the ideal, you know. But that doesn't make me believe any the less in the ideal. Indeed, I believe in it passionately—the ideal of a matri-

mony between two people in perfect accord. I think it's realisable. I'm sure it is."

He paused significantly and looked at her with an arch expression. A virgin of thirty-six, but still unwithered; she had her charms. And there was something really rather enigmatic about her. Miss Spence made no reply, but continued to smile. There were times when Mr. Hutton got rather bored with the Gioconda. He stood up.

"I must really be going now. Farewell, mysterious Gioconda." The smile grew intenser, focussed itself, as it were, in a narrower snout. Mr. Hutton made a cinque-cento gesture, and kissed her extended hand. It was the first time he had done such a thing; the action seemed not to be resented. "I look forward to to-morrow."

"Do you?"

For answer Mr. Hutton once more kissed her hand, then turned to go. Miss Spence accompanied him to the porch.

"Where's your car?" she asked.

"I left it at the gate of the drive."

"I'll come and see you off."

"No, no." Mr. Hutton was playful, but determined. "You must do no such thing. I simply forbid you."

"But I should like to come," Miss Spence protested, throwing a rapid Gioconda at him.

Mr. Hutton held up his hand. "No," he repeated, and then, with a gesture that was almost the blowing of a kiss, he started to run down the drive, lightly, on his toes, with long bounding strides like a boy's. He was proud of that run; it was quite marvellously youthful. Still, he was glad the drive was no longer. At the last bend, before passing out of sight of the house, he halted and turned round. Miss Spence was still standing on the steps, smiling her smile. He waved his hand, and this time quite definitely and overtly wafted a kiss in her direction. Then breaking once more into his magnificent canter, he rounded the last dark promontory of trees. Once out of sight of the house, he let his high paces decline to a trot, and finally to a walk. He took out his handkerchief and began wiping his neck inside his collar. What fools, what fools! Had there ever been such an ass as poor dear Janet Spence? Never, unless it was himself. Decidedly, he was the more malig-

nant fool, since he, at least, was aware of his folly and still persisted in it. Why did he persist? Ah, the problem that was himself, the problem that was other people . . .

He had reached the gate. A large, prosperous-looking motor was standing at the side of the road.

"Home, McNab." The chauffeur touched his cap. "And stop at the cross roads on the way, as usual," Mr. Hutton added, as he opened the door of the car. "Well?" he said, speaking into the obscurity that lurked within.

"Oh, Teddy Bear, what an age you've been!" It was a fresh and childish voice that spoke the words. There was the faintest hint of Cockney impurity about the vowel sounds.

Mr. Hutton bent his large form and darted into the car with the agility of an animal regaining its burrow.

"Have I?" he said, as he shut the door. The machine began to move. "You must have missed me a lot if you found the time so long." He sat back in the low seat; a cherishing warmth enveloped him.

"Teddy Bear . . ." and with a sigh of contentment a charming little head declined on to Mr. Hutton's shoulder. Ravished, he looked down sideways at the round, babyish face.

"Do you know, Doris, you look like the pictures of Louise de Kerouaille." He passed his fingers through a mass of curly hair.

"Who's Louise de Kera-whatever-it-is?" Doris spoke from remote distances.

"She was, alas! *Fuit.* We shall all be 'was' one of these days. Meanwhile . . ."

Mr. Hutton covered the babyish face with kisses. The car rushed smoothly along. McNab's back, through the front window, was stonily impassive, the back of a statue.

"Your hands," Doris whispered. "Oh, you mustn't touch me. They give me electric shocks."

Mr. Hutton adored her for the virgin imbecility of the words. How late in one's existence one makes the discovery of one's body!

"The electricity isn't in me, it's in you." He kissed her again, whispering her name several times: Doris, Doris, Doris. The scientific appellation of the sea-mouse, he was thinking as he kissed the throat she offered him, white and

extended like the throat of a victim awaiting the sacrificial knife. The sea-mouse was a sausage with iridescent fur: very peculiar. Or was Doris the sea-cucumber, which turns itself inside out in moments of alarm? He would really have to go to Naples again, just to see the aquarium. These sea creatures were fabulous, unbelievably fantastic.

"Oh, Teddy Bear!" (More zoology; but he was only a land animal. His poor little jokes!) "Teddy Bear, I'm so happy."

"So am I," said Mr. Hutton. Was it true?

"But I wish I knew if it were right. Tell me, Teddy Bear, is it right or wrong?"

"Ah, my dear, that's just what I've been wondering for the last thirty years."

"Be serious, Teddy Bear. I want to know if this is right; if it's right that I should be here with you and that we should love one another, and that it should give me electric shocks when you touch me."

"Right? Well, it's certainly good that you should have electric shocks rather than sexual repressions. Read Freud; repressions are the devil."

"Oh, you don't help me. Why aren't you ever serious? If only you knew how miserable I am sometimes, thinking it's not right. Perhaps, you know, there is a hell, and all that. I don't know what to do. Sometimes I think I ought to stop loving you."

"But could you?" asked Mr. Hutton, confident in his powers of seduction and his moustache.

"No, Teddy Bear, you know I couldn't. But I could run away, I could hide from you, I could lock myself up and force myself not to come to you."

"Silly little thing!" He tightened his embrace.

"Oh, dear, I hope it isn't wrong. And there are times when I don't care if it is."

Mr. Hutton was touched. He had a certain protective affection for this little creature. He laid his cheek against her hair and so, interlaced, they sat in silence, while the car, swaying and pitching a little as it hastened along, seemed to draw in the white road and the dusty hedges towards it devouringly.

"Good-bye, good-bye."

The car moved on, gathered speed, vanished round a

curve, and Doris was left standing by the sign-post at the cross roads, still dizzy and weak with the languor born of those kisses and the electrical touch of those gentle hands. She had to take a deep breath, to draw herself up deliberately, before she was strong enough to start her homeward walk. She had half a mile in which to invent the necessary lies.

Alone, Mr. Hutton suddenly found himself the prey of an appalling boredom.

II.

Mrs. Hutton was lying on the sofa in her boudoir, playing Patience. In spite of the warmth of the July evening a wood fire was burning on the hearth. A black Pomeranian, extenuated by the heat and the fatigues of digestion, slept before the blaze.

"Phew! Isn't it rather hot in here?" Mr. Hutton asked as he entered the room.

"You know I have to keep warm, dear." The voice seemed breaking on the verge of tears. "I get so shivery."

"I hope you're better this evening."

"Not much, I'm afraid."

The conversation stagnated. Mr. Hutton stood leaning his back against the mantelpiece. He looked down at the Pomeranian lying at his feet, and with the toe of his right boot he rolled the little dog over and rubbed its white flecked chest and belly. The creature lay in an inert ecstasy. Mrs. Hutton continued to play Patience. Arrived at an *impasse*, she altered the position of one card, took back another and went on playing. Her Patiences always came out.

"Dr. Libbard thinks I ought to go to Llandrindod Wells this summer."

"Well, go, my dear, go, most certainly."

Mr. Hutton was thinking of the events of the afternoon; how they had driven, Doris and he, up to the hanging wood, had left the car to wait for them under the shade of the trees, and walked together out into the windless sunshine of the chalk down.

"I'm to drink the waters for my liver, and he thinks I ought to have massage and electric treatment, too."

Hat in hand, Doris had stalked four blue butterflies that

were dancing together round a scabious flower with a motion that was like the flickering of blue fire. The blue fire burst and scattered into whirling sparks; she had given chase, laughing and shouting like a child.

"I'm sure it will do you good, my dear."

"I was wondering if you'd come with me, dear."

"But you know I'm going to Scotland at the end of the month."

Mrs. Hutton looked up at him entreatingly. "It's the journey," she said. "The thought of it is such a nightmare. I don't know if I can manage it. And you know I can't sleep in hotels. And then there's the luggage and all the worries. I can't go alone."

"But you won't be alone. You'll have your maid with you." He spoke impatiently. The sick woman was usurping the place of the healthy one. He was being dragged back from the memory of the sunlit down and the quick, laughing girl, back to this unhealthy overheated room and its complaining occupant.

"I don't think I shall be able to go."

"But you must, my dear, if the doctor tell you to. And besides, a change will do you good."

"I don't think so."

"But Libbard thinks so and he knows what he's talking about."

"No, I can't face it. I'm too weak. I can't go alone." Mrs. Hutton pulled a handkerchief out of her black silk bag, and put it to her eyes.

"Nonsense, my dear, you must make the effort."

"I had rather be left in peace to die here." She was crying in earnest now.

"Oh Lord! Now do be reasonable. Listen now, please." Mrs. Hutton only sobbed more violently. "Oh, what is one to do?" He shrugged his shoulders and walked out of the room.

Mr. Hutton was aware that he had not behaved with proper patience; but he could not help it. Very early in his manhood he had discovered that not only did he not feel sympathy for the poor, the weak, the diseased and deformed; he actually hated them. Once, as an undergraduate, he spent three days at a mission in the East End. He had returned, filled with a profound and ineradicable

disgust. Instead of pitying, he loathed the unfortunate. It was not, he knew, a very comely emotion, and he had been ashamed of it at first. In the end he had decided that it was temperamental, inevitable, and had felt no further qualms. Emily had been healthy and beautiful when he married her. He had loved her then. But now—was it his fault that she was like this?

Mr. Hutton dined alone. Food and drink left him more benevolent than he had been before dinner. To make amends for his show of exasperation he went up to his wife's room and offered to read to her. She was touched, gratefully accepted the offer, and Mr. Hutton, who was particularly proud of his accent, suggested a little light reading in French.

"French? I am so fond of French." Mrs. Hutton spoke of the language of Racine as though it were a dish of green peas.

Mr. Hutton ran down to the library and returned with a yellow volume. He began reading. The effort of pronouncing perfectly absorbed his whole attention. But how good his accent was! The fact of its goodness seemed to improve the quality of the novel he was reading.

At the end of fifteen pages an unmistakable sound aroused him. He looked up; Mrs. Hutton had gone to sleep. He sat still for a little while, looking with a dispassionate curiosity at the sleeping face. Once it had been beautiful; once, long ago, the sight of it, the recollection of it, had moved him with an emotion profounder, perhaps, than any he had felt before or since. Now, it was lined and cadaverous. The skin was stretched tightly over the cheekbones, across the bridge of the sharp, bird-like nose. The closed eyes were set in profound bone-rimmed sockets. The lamplight striking on the face from the side emphasised with light and shade its cavities and projections. It was the face of a dead Christ by Morales.

Le squelette était invisible
Au temps heureux de l'art païen.

He shivered a little, and tip-toed out of the room.

On the following day Mrs. Hutton came down to luncheon. She had had some unpleasant palpitations during the night, but she was feeling better now. Besides, she

wanted to do honour to her guest. Miss Spence listened to her complaints about Llandrindod Wells, and was loud in sympathy, lavish with advice. Whatever she said was always said with intensity. She leaned forward, aimed, so to speak, like a gun, and fired her words. Bang! the charge in her soul was ignited, the words whizzed forth at the narrow barrel of her mouth. She was a machine-gun riddling her hostess with sympathy. Mr. Hutton had undergone similar bombardments, mostly of a literary or philosophic character—bombardments of Maeterlinck, of Mrs. Besant, of Bergson, of William James. To-day the missiles were medical. She talked about insomnia, she expatiated on the virtues of harmless drugs and beneficent specialists. Under the bombardment Mrs. Hutton opened out, like a flower in the sun.

Mr. Hutton looked on in silence. The spectacle of Janet Spence evoked in him an unfailing curiosity. He was not romantic enough to imagine that every face masked an interior physiognomy of beauty or strangeness, that every woman's small talk was like a vapour hanging over mysterious gulfs. His wife, for example, and Doris; they were nothing more than what they seemed to be. But with Janet Spence it was somehow different. Here one could be sure that there was some kind of a queer face behind the Gioconda smile and the Roman eyebrows. The only question was: what exactly *was* there? Mr. Hutton could never quite make out.

"But perhaps you won't have to go to Llandrindod, after all," Miss Spence was saying. "If you get well quickly Dr. Libbard will let you off."

"I only hope so. Indeed, I do really feel rather better to-day."

Mr. Hutton felt ashamed. How much was it his own lack of sympathy that prevented her from feeling well every day? But he comforted himself by reflecting that it was only a case of feeling, not of being better. Sympathy does not mend a diseased liver or a weak heart.

"My dear, I wouldn't eat those red currants if I were you," he said, suddenly solicitous. "You know that Libbard has banned everything with skins and pips."

"But I am so fond of them," Mrs. Hutton protested, "and I feel so well to-day."

"Don't be a tyrant," said Miss Spence, looking first at him and then at his wife. "Let the poor invalid have what she fancies; it will do her good." She laid her hand on Mrs. Hutton's arm and patted it affectionately two or three times.

"Thank you, my dear." Mrs. Hutton helped herself to the stewed currants.

"Well, don't blame me if they make you ill again."

"Do I ever blame you, dear?"

"You have nothing to blame me for," Mr. Hutton answered playfully. "I am the perfect husband."

They sat in the garden after luncheon. From the island of shade under the old cypress tree they looked out across a flat expanse of lawn, in which the parterres of flowers shone with a metallic brilliance.

Mr. Hutton took a deep breath of the warm and fragrant air. "It's good to be alive," he said.

"Just to be alive," his wife echoed, stretching one pale, knot-jointed hand into the sunlight.

A maid brought the coffee; the silver pots and the little blue cups were set on a folding table near the group of chairs.

"Oh, my medicine!" exclaimed Mrs. Hutton. "Run in and fetch it, Clara, will you? The white bottle on the sideboard."

"I'll go," said Mr. Hutton. "I've got to go and fetch a cigar, in any case."

He ran in towards the house. On the threshold he turned round for an instant. The maid was walking back across the lawn. His wife was sitting up in her deck chair, engaged in opening her white parasol. Miss Spence was bending over the table, pouring out the coffee. He passed into the cool obscurity of the house.

"Do you like sugar in your coffee?" Miss Spence inquired.

"Yes, please. Give me rather a lot. I'll drink it after my medicine to take the taste away."

Mrs. Hutton leaned back in her chair, lowering the sunshade over her eyes, so as to shut out from her vision the burning sky.

Behind her Miss Spence was making a delicate clinking among the coffee cups.

"I've given you three large spoonfuls. That ought to take the taste away. And here comes the medicine."

Mr. Hutton had reappeared, carrying a wine-glass, half full of a pale liquid.

"It smells delicious," he said, as he handed it to his wife.

"That's only the flavouring." She drank it off at a gulp, shuddered, and made a grimace. "Ugh, it's so nasty. Give me my coffee."

Miss Spence gave her the cup; she sipped at it. "You've made it like syrup. But it's very nice, after that atrocious medicine."

At half-past three Mrs. Hutton complained that she did not feel as well as she had done, and went indoors to lie down. Her husband would have said something about the red currants, but checked himself; the triumph of an "I told you so" was too cheaply won. Instead, he was sympathetic, gave her his arm to the house.

"A rest will do you good," he said. "By the way, I shan't be back till after dinner."

"But why? Where are you going?"

"I promised to go to Johnson's this evening. We have to discuss the war memorial, you know."

"Oh, I wish you weren't going." Mrs. Hutton was almost in tears. "Can't you stay? I don't like being alone in the house."

"But, my dear, I promised—weeks ago." It was a bother having to lie like this. "And now I must get back and look after Miss Spence."

He kissed her on the forehead and went out again into the garden. Miss Spence received him aimed and intense.

"Your wife is dreadfully ill," she fired off at him.

"I thought she cheered up so much when you came."

"That was nervous, purely nervous. I was watching her closely. With a heart in that condition and her digestion wrecked—yes, wrecked—anything might happen."

"Libbard doesn't take so gloomy a view of poor Emily's health." Mr. Hutton held open the gate that led from the garden into the drive; Miss Spence's car was standing by the front door.

"Libbard is only a country doctor. You ought to see a specialist."

He could not refrain from laughing. "You have a macabre passion for specialists."

Miss Spence held up her hand in protest. "I am serious. I think poor Emily is in a very bad state. Anything might happen—at any moment."

He handed her into the car and shut the door. The chauffeur started the engine and climbed into his place, ready to drive off.

"Shall I tell him to start?" He had no desire to continue the conversation.

Miss Spence leaned forward and shot a Gioconda in his direction. "Remember, I expect you to come and see me again soon."

Mechanically he grinned, made a polite noise, and, as the car moved forward, waved his hand. He was happy to be alone.

A few minutes afterwards Mr. Hutton himself drove away. Doris was waiting at the cross roads. They dined together, twenty miles from home, at a roadside hotel. It was one of those bad, expensive meals which are only cooked in country hotels frequented by motorists. It revolted Mr. Hutton, but Doris enjoyed it. She always enjoyed things. Mr. Hutton ordered a not very good brand of champagne. He was wishing he had spent the evening in his library.

When they started homewards Doris was a little tipsy and extremely affectionate. It was very dark inside the car, but looking forward, past the motionless form of McNab, they could see a bright and narrow universe of forms and colours scooped out of the night by the electric head-lamps.

It was after eleven when Mr. Hutton reached home. Dr. Libbard met him in the hall. He was a small man with delicate hands and well-formed features that were almost feminine. His brown eyes were large and melancholy. He used to waste a great deal of time sitting at the bedside of his patients, looking sadness through those eyes and talking in a sad, low voice about nothing in particular. His person exhaled a pleasing odour, decidedly antiseptic but suave and discreetly delicious.

"Libbard?" said Mr. Hutton in surprise. "You here? Is my wife ill?"

"We tried to fetch you earlier," the soft, melancholy voice replied. "It was thought you were at Mr. Johnson's, but they had no news of you there."

"No, I was detained. I had a breakdown," Mr. Hutton answered irritably. It was tiresome to be caught out in a lie.

"Your wife wanted to see you urgently."

"Well, I can go now." Mr. Hutton moved towards the stairs.

Dr. Libbard laid a hand on his arm. "I am afraid it's too late."

"Too late?" He began fumbling with his watch; it wouldn't come out of the pocket.

"Mrs. Hutton passed away half an hour ago."

The voice remained even in its softness, the melancholy of the eyes did not deepen. Dr. Libbard spoke of death as he would speak of a local cricket match. All things were equally vain and equally deplorable.

Mr. Hutton found himself thinking of Janet Spence's words. At any moment, at any moment. She had been extraordinarily right.

"What happened?" he asked. "What was the cause?"

Dr. Libbard explained. It was heart failure brought on by a violent attack of nausea, caused in its turn by the eating of something of an irritant nature. Red currants? Mr. Hutton suggested. Very likely. It had been too much for the heart. There was chronic valvular disease: something had collapsed under the strain. It was all over; she could not have suffered much.

III.

"It's a pity they should have chosen the day of the Eton and Harrow match for the funeral," old General Grego was saying as he stood, his top hat in his hand, under the shadow of the lych gate, wiping his face with his handkerchief.

Mr. Hutton overheard the remark and with difficulty restrained a desire to inflict grievous bodily pain on the General. He would have liked to hit the old brute in the middle of his big red face. Monstrous great mulberry, spotted with meal! Was there no respect for the dead?

Did nobody care? In theory he didn't much care; let the dead bury their dead. But here, at the graveside, he had found himself actually sobbing. Poor Emily, they had been pretty happy once. Now she was lying at the bottom of a seven-foot hole. And here was Grego complaining that he couldn't go to the Eton and Harrow match.

Mr. Hutton looked round at the groups of black figures that were drifting slowly out of the churchyard towards the fleet of cabs and motors assembled in the road outside. Against the brilliant background of the July grass and flowers and foliage, they had a horribly alien and unnatural appearance. It pleased him to think that all these people would soon be dead too.

That evening Mr. Hutton sat up late in his library reading the life of Milton. There was no particular reason why he should have chosen Milton; it was the book that first came to hand, that was all. It was after midnight when he had finished. He got up from his arm-chair, unbolted the French windows, and stepped out on to the little paved terrace. The night was quiet and clear. Mr. Hutton looked at the stars and at the holes between them, dropped his eyes to the dim lawns and hueless flowers of the garden, and let them wander over the further landscape, black and grey under the moon.

He began to think with a kind of confused violence. There were the stars, there was Milton. A man can be somehow the peer of stars and night. Greatness, nobility. But is there seriously a difference between the noble and the ignoble? Milton, the stars, death and himself—himself. The soul, the body; the higher and the lower nature. Perhaps there was something in it, after all. Milton had a god on his side and righteousness. What had he? Nothing, nothing whatever. There were only Doris's little breasts. What was the point of it all? Milton, the stars, death and Emily in her grave, Doris and himself, always himself . . .

Oh, he was a futile and disgusting being. Everything convinced him of it. It was a solemn moment. He spoke aloud: "I will, I will." The sound of his own voice in the darkness was appalling; it seemed to him that he had sworn that infernal oath which binds even the gods. "I will, I will." There had been New Year's days and solemn anni-

versaries in the past, when he had felt the same contritions and recorded similar resolutions. They had all thinned away, these resolutions, like smoke, into nothingness. But this was a greater moment and he had pronounced a more fearful oath. In the future it was to be different. Yes, he would live by reason, he would be industrious, he would curb his appetites, he would devote his life to some good purpose. It was resolved and it would be so.

In practice he saw himself spending his mornings in agricultural pursuits, riding round with the bailiff, seeing that his land was farmed in the best modern way—silos and artificial manures and continuous cropping, and all that. The remainder of the day should be devoted to serious study. There was that book he had been intending to write for so long—The Effect of Diseases on Civilisation.

Mr. Hutton went to bed humble and contrite, but with a sense that grace had entered into him. He slept for seven and a-half hours, and woke to find the sun brilliantly shining. The emotions of the evening before had been transformed by a good night's rest into his customary cheerfulness. It was not until a good many seconds after his return to conscious life that he remembered his resolution, his Stygian oath. Milton and death seemed somehow different in the sunlight. As for the stars, they were not there. But the resolutions were good; even in the daytime he could see that. He had his horse saddled after breakfast, and rode round the farm with the bailiff. After luncheon he read Thucydides on the plague at Athens. In the evening he made a few notes on malaria in Southern Italy. While he was undressing he remembered that there was a good anecdote in Skelton's jest-book about the Sweating Sickness. He would have made a note of it if only he could have found a pencil.

On the sixth morning of his new life Mr. Hutton found among his correspondence an envelope addressed in that peculiarly vulgar handwriting which he knew to be Doris's. He opened it, and began to read. She didn't know what to say; words were so inadequate. His wife dying like that, and so suddenly—it was too terrible. Mr. Hutton sighed, but his interest revived somewhat as he read on:

"Death is so frightening, I never think of it when I can help it. But when something like this happens, or when I

am feeling ill or depressed, then I can't help remembering it is there so close, and I think about all the wicked things I have done and about you and me, and I wonder what will happen, and I am so frightened. I am so lonely, Teddy Bear, and so unhappy, and I don't know what to do, I can't get rid of the idea of dying, I am so wretched and helpless without you. I didn't mean to write to you, I meant to wait till you were out of mourning and could come and see me again, but I was so lonely and miserable, Teddy Bear, I had to write. I couldn't help it. Forgive me, I want you so much, I have nobody in the world but you. You are so good and gentle and understanding; there is nobody like you. I shall never forget how good and kind you have been to me, and you are so clever and know so much, I can't understand how you ever came to pay any attention to me, I am so dull and stupid, much less like me and love me, because you do love me a little, don't you, Teddy Bear?"

Mr. Hutton was touched with shame and remorse. To be thanked like this, worshipped for having seduced the girl—it was too much. It had just been a piece of imbecile wantonness. Imbecile, idiotic: there was no other way to describe it. For, when all was said, he had derived very little pleasure from it. Taking all things together, he had probably been more bored than amused. Once upon a time he had believed himself to be a hedonist. But to be a hedonist implies a certain process of reasoning, a deliberate choice of known pleasures, a rejection of known pains. This had been done without reason against it. For he knew beforehand—so well, so well—that there was no interest or pleasure to be derived from these wretched affairs. And yet each time the vague itch came upon him he succumbed, involving himself once more in the old stupidity. There had been Maggie, his wife's maid, and Edith, the girl on the farm, and Mrs. Pringle and the waitress in London, and others—there seemed to be dozens of them. It had all been so stale and boring. He knew it would be, he always knew. And yet, and yet . . . Experience doesn't teach.

Poor little Doris! He would write to her kindly, comfortingly, but he wouldn't see her again. A servant came to tell him that his horse was saddled and waiting. He

mounted and rode off. That morning the old bailiff was more irritating than usual.

Five days later Doris and Mr. Hutton were sitting together on the pier at Southend; Doris, in white muslin with pink garnishings, radiated happiness; Mr. Hutton, legs outstretched and chair tilted, had pushed the panama back from his forehead, and was trying to feel like a tripper. That night, when Doris was asleep, breathing and warm by his side, he recaptured, in this moment of darkness and physical fatigue, the rather cosmic emotion which had possessed him that evening, not a fortnight ago, when he had made his great resolution. And so his solemn oath had already gone the way of so many other resolutions. Unreason had triumphed; at the first itch of desire he had given way. He was hopeless, hopeless.

For a long time he lay with closed eyes, ruminating his humiliation. The girl stirred in her sleep. Mr. Hutton turned over and looked in her direction. Enough faint light crept in between the half-drawn curtains to show her bare arm and shoulder, her neck and the dark tangle of hair on the pillow. She was beautiful, desirable. Why did he lie there moaning over his sins? What did it matter? If he were hopeless, then so be it; he would make the best of his hopelessness. A glorious sense of irresponsibility suddenly filled him. He was free, magnificently free. In a kind of exaltation he drew the girl towards him. She woke, bewildered, almost frightened under his rough kisses.

The storm of his desire subsided into a kind of serene merriment. The whole atmosphere seemed to be quivering with enormous silent laughter.

"Could anyone love you as much as I do, Teddy Bear?" The question came faintly from distant worlds of love.

"I think I know somebody who does," Mr. Hutton replied. The submarine laughter was swelling, rising, ready to break the surface of silence and resound.

"Who? Tell me. What do you mean?" The voice had come very close; charged with suspicion, anguish, indignation, it belonged to this immediate world.

"A-ah!"

"Who?"

"You'll never guess." Mr. Hutton kept up the joke until it began to grow tedious, and then pronounced the name: "Janet Spence."

Doris was incredulous. "Miss Spence of the Manor? That old woman?" It was too ridiculous. Mr. Hutton laughed too.

"But it's quite true," he said. "She adores me." Oh, the vast joke! He would go and see her as soon as he returned, see and conquer. "I believe she wants to marry me," he added.

"But you wouldn't . . . you don't intend . . ."

The air was fairly crepitating with humour. Mr. Hutton laughed aloud. "I intend to marry you," he said. It seemed to him the best joke he had ever made in his life.

When Mr. Hutton left Southend he was once more a married man. It was agreed that, for the time being, the fact should be kept secret. In the autumn they would go abroad together, and the world should be informed. Meanwhile he was to go back to his own house and Doris to hers.

The day after his return he walked over in the afternoon to see Miss Spence. She received him with the old Gioconda.

"I was expecting you to come."

"I couldn't keep away," Mr. Hutton gallantly replied.

They sat in the summer house. It was a pleasant place—a little old stucco temple bowered among dense bushes of evergreen. Miss Spence had left her mark on it by hanging up over the seat a blue and white Della Robbia plaque.

"I am thinking of going to Italy this autumn," said Mr. Hutton. He felt like a ginger-beer bottle, ready to pop with bubbling humorous excitement.

"Italy . . ." Miss Spence closed her eyes ecstatically. "I feel drawn there too."

"Why not let yourself be drawn?"

"I don't know. One somehow hasn't the energy and initiative to set out alone."

"Alone . . ." Ah, sound of guitars and throaty singing! "Yes, travelling alone isn't much fun."

Miss Spence lay back in her chair without speaking. Her eyes were still closed. Mr. Hutton stroked his moustache. The silence prolonged itself for what seemed a long time.

Pressed to stay to dinner, Mr. Hutton did not refuse. The fun had hardly started. The table was laid in the loggia. Through its arches they looked out on to the sloping garden, to the valley below and the further hills. Light ebbed away; the heat and silence were oppressive. A huge cloud was mounting up the sky, and there were distant breathings of thunder. The thunder drew nearer, a wind began to blow, and the first drops of rain fell. The table was cleared. Miss Spence and Mr. Hutton sat on in the growing darkness.

Miss Spence broke a long silence by saying meditatively:

"I think everyone has a right to a certain amount of happiness, don't you?"

"Most certainly." But what was she leading up to? Nobody makes generalisations about life unless they mean to talk about themselves. Happiness: he looked back on his own life, and saw a cheerful, placid existence disturbed by no great griefs or discomforts or alarms. He had always had money and freedom, he had been able to do very much as he wanted. Yes, he supposed he had been happy, happier than most men. And now he was not merely happy, he had discovered in irresponsibility the secret of gaiety. He was about to say something about his happiness when Miss Spence went on speaking.

"People like you and me have a right to be happy some time in our lives."

"Me?" said Mr. Hutton, surprised.

"Poor Henry! Fate hasn't treated either of us very well."

"Oh, well, it might have treated me worse."

"You're being cheerful. That's brave of you. But don't think I can't see behind the mask."

Miss Spence spoke louder and louder as the rain came down more and more heavily. Periodically the thunder cut across her utterances. She talked on, shouting against the noise.

"I have understood you so well and for so long."

A flash revealed her, aimed and intent, leaning towards him. Her eyes were two profound and menacing gun-barrels. The darkness re-engulfed her.

"You were a lonely soul seeking a companion soul. I

could sympathise with you in your solitude. Your marriage . . ."

The thunder cut short the sentence. Miss Spence's voice became audible once more with the words:

". . . could offer no companionship to a man of your stamp. You needed a soul mate."

A soul mate—he! a soul mate. It was incredibly fantastic. "Georgette Leblanc, the ex-soul mate of Maurice Maeterlinck." He had seen that in the paper a few days ago. So it was thus that Janet Spence had painted him in her imagination—as a soul-mater. And for Doris he was a picture of goodness and the cleverest man in the world. And actually, really, he was what?——Who knows?

"My heart went out to you. I could understand; I was lonely, too." Miss Spence laid her hand on his knee. "You were so patient." Another flash. She was still aimed, dangerously. "You never complained. But I could guess, I could guess."

"How wonderful of you!" So he was an *âme incomprise*. "Only a woman's intuition . . ."

The thunder crashed and rumbled, died away, and only the sound of the rain was left. The thunder was his laughter, magnified, externalised. Flash and crash, there it was again, right on top of them.

"Don't you feel that you have within you something that is akin to this storm?" He could imagine her leaning forward as she uttered the words. "Passion makes one the equal of the elements."

What was his gambit now? Why, obviously, he should have said "Yes" and ventured on some unequivocal gesture. But Mr. Hutton suddenly took fright. The ginger beer in him had gone flat. The woman was serious, terribly serious. He was appalled.

Passion? "No," he desperately answered. "I am without passion."

But his remark was either unheard or unheeded, for Miss Spence went on with a growing exaltation, speaking so rapidly, however, and in such a burningly intimate whisper that Mr. Hutton found it very difficult to distinguish what she was saying. She was telling him, as far as he could make out, the story of her life. The lightning was less frequent now, and there were long intervals of dark-

ness. But at each flash he saw her still aiming towards him, still yearning forward with a terrifying intensity. Darkness, the rain, and then flash! her face was there, close at hand. A pale mask, greenish white; the large eyes, the narrow barrel of the mouth, the heavy eyebrows. Agrippina, or rather—yes, wasn't it rather George Robey?

He began devising absurd plans for escaping. He might suddenly jump up, pretending he had seen a burglar —Stop thief! stop thief!—and dash off into the night in pursuit. Or should he say that he felt faint, a heart attack? or that he had seen a ghost—Emily's ghost—in the garden? Absorbed in his childish plotting, he had ceased to pay any attention to Miss Spence's words. The spasmodic clutching of her hand recalled his thoughts.

"I honoured you for that, Henry," she was saying.

Honoured him for what?

"Marriage is a sacred tie, and your respect for it, even when the marriage was, as it was in your case, an unhappy one, made me respect you and admire you, and—shall I dare say the word?——"

Oh, the burglar, the ghost in the garden! But it was too late.

". . . yes, love you, Henry, all the more. But we're free now, Henry."

Free? There was a movement in the dark, and she was kneeling on the floor by his chair.

"Oh, Henry, Henry, I have been unhappy too."

Her arms embraced him, and by the shaking of her body he could feel that she was sobbing. She might have been a suppliant crying for mercy.

"You mustn't, Janet," he protested. Those tears were terrible, terrible. "Not now, not now! You must be calm, you must go to bed." He patted her shoulder, then got up, disengaging himself from her embrace. He left her still crouching on the floor beside the chair on which he had been sitting.

Groping his way into the hall, and without waiting to look for his hat, he went out of the house, taking infinite pains to close the front door noiselessly behind him. The clouds had blown over, and the moon was shining from a clear sky. There were puddles all along the road, and a

noise of running water rose from the gutters and ditches. Mr. Hutton splashed along, not caring if he got wet.

How heartrendingly she had sobbed! With the emotions of pity and remorse that the recollection evoked in him there was a certain resentment: why couldn't she have played the game that he was playing, the heartless, amusing game? Yes, but he had known all the time that she wouldn't, she couldn't play that game; he had known and persisted.

What had she said about passion and the elements? Something absurdly stale, but true, true. There she was, a cloud black-bosomed and charged with thunder, and he, like some absurd little Benjamin Franklin, had sent up a kite into the heart of the menace. Now he was complaining that his toy had drawn the lightning.

She was probably still kneeling by that chair in the loggia, crying.

But why hadn't he been able to keep up the game? Why had his irresponsibility deserted him, leaving him suddenly sober in a cold world? There were no answers to any of his questions. One idea burned steady and luminous in his mind—the idea of flight. He must get away at once.

IV.

"What are you thinking about, Teddy Bear?"

"Nothing."

There was a silence. Mr. Hutton remained motionless, his elbows on the parapet of the terrace, his chin in his hands, looking down over Florence. He had taken a villa on one of the hilltops to the south of the city. From a little raised terrace at the end of the garden one looked down a long fertile valley on to the town and beyond it to the bleak mass of Monte Morello and, eastward of it, to the peopled hill of Fiesole, dotted with white houses. Everything was clear and luminous in the September sunshine.

"Are you worried about anything?"

"No, thank you."

"Tell me, Teddy Bear."

"But, my dear, there's nothing to tell." Mr. Hutton turned, smiled, and patted the girl's hand. "I think you'd better go in and have your siesta. It's too hot for you here."

"Very well, Teddy Bear. Are you coming too?"

"When I've finished my cigar."

"All right. But do hurry up and finish it, Teddy Bear." Slowly, reluctantly, she descended the steps of the terrace and walked towards the house.

Mr. Hutton continued his contemplation of Florence. He had need to be alone. It was good sometimes to escape from Doris and the restless solicitude of her passion. He had never known the pains of loving hopelessly, but he was experiencing now the pains of being loved. These last weeks had been a period of growing discomfort. Doris was always with him, like an obsession, like a guilty conscience. Yes, it was good to be alone.

He pulled an envelope out of his pocket and opened it, not without reluctance. He hated letters; they always contained something unpleasant——nowadays, since his second marriage. This was from his sister. He began skimming through the insulting home truths of which it was composed. The words "indecent haste," "social suicide," "scarcely cold in her grave," "person of the lower classes" all occurred. They were inevitable now in any communication from a well-meaning and right-thinking relative. Impatient, he was about to tear the stupid letter to pieces, when his eye fell on a sentence at the bottom of the third page. His heart beat with uncomfortable violence as he read it. It was too monstrous! Janet Spence was going about telling everyone that he had poisoned his wife in order to marry Doris. What damnable malice! Ordinarily a man of the suavest temper, Mr. Hutton found himself trembling with rage. He took the childish satisfaction of calling names—he cursed the woman.

Then suddenly he saw the ridiculous side of the situation. The notion that he should have murdered anyone in order to marry Doris! If they only knew how miserably bored he was. Poor dear Janet! She had tried to be malicious, she had only succeeded in being stupid.

A sound of footsteps aroused him; he looked round. In the garden below the little terrace the servant girl of the house was picking fruit. A Neapolitan, strayed somehow as far north as Florence, she was a specimen of the classical type—a little debased. Her profile might have been taken from a Sicilian coin of a bad period. Her features, carved

floridly in the grand tradition, expressed an almost perfect stupidity. Her mouth was the most beautiful thing about her; the caligraphic hand of Nature had richly curved it into an expression of mulish bad temper. . . Under her hideous black clothes Mr. Hutton divined a powerful body, firm and massive. He had looked at her before with a vague interest and curiosity. To-day the curiosity defined and focussed itself into a desire. An idyll of Theocritus. Here was the woman; he, alas, was not precisely like a goatherd on the volcanic hills. He called to her.

"Armida!"

The smile with which she answered him was so provocative, attested so easy a virtue, that Mr. Hutton took fright. He was on the brink once more, on the brink. He must draw back, oh! quickly, quickly, before it was too late. The girl continued to look up at him.

"*Ha chiamato?*" she asked at last.

Stupidity or reason? Oh, there was no choice now. It was imbecility every time.

"*Scendo*," he called back to her. Twelve steps led from the garden to the terrace. Mr. Hutton counted them. Down, down, down, down . . . He saw a vision of himself descending from one circle of the Inferno to the next—from a darkness full of wind and hail to an abyss of stinking mud.

V.

For a good many days the Hutton case had a place on the front page of every newspaper. There had been no more popular murder trial since George Smith had temporarily eclipsed the European war by drowning in a warm bath his seventh bride. The public imagination was stirred by this tale of a murder brought to light months after the date of the crime. Here, it was felt, was one of those incidents in human life, so notable because they are so rare, which do definitely justify the ways of God to man. A wicked man had been moved by an illicit passion to kill his wife. For months he had lived in sin and fancied security—only to be dashed at last more horribly into the pit he had prepared for himself. Murder will out, and here was a case of it. The readers of the newspapers were in a position to follow every movement of the hand of God.

There had been vague, but persistent, rumours in the neighbourhood; the police had taken action at last. Then came the exhumation order, the *post mortem* examination, the inquest, the evidence of the experts, the verdict of the coroner's jury, the trial, the condemnation. For once Providence had done its duty, obviously, grossly, didactically, as in a melodrama. The newspapers were right in making of the case the staple intellectual food of a whole season.

Mr. Hutton's first emotion when he was summoned from Italy to give evidence at the inquest was one of indignation. It was a monstrous, a scandalous thing that the police should take such idle malicious gossip seriously. When the inquest was over he would bring an action for malicious prosecution against the Chief Constable, he would sue the Spence woman for slander.

The inquest was opened; the astonishing evidence unrolled itself. The experts had examined the body, and had found traces of arsenic; they were of opinion that the late Mrs. Hutton had died of arsenic poisoning.

Arsenic poisoning. . . Emily had died of arsenic poisoning? After that Mr. Hutton learned with surprise that there was enough arsenicated insecticide in his greenhouses to poison an army.

It was now, quite suddenly, that he saw it: there was a case against him. Fascinated, he watched it growing, growing, like some monstrous tropical plant. It was enveloping him, surrounding him; he was lost in a tangled forest.

When was the poison administered? The experts agreed that it must have been swallowed eight or nine hours before death. About lunch time? Yes, about lunch time. Clara, the parlour-maid, was called. Mrs. Hutton, she remembered, had asked her to go and fetch her medicine. Mr. Hutton had volunteered to go instead; he had gone alone. Miss Spence—ah, the memory of the storm, the white aimed face! the horror of it all!—Miss Spence confirmed Clara's statement, and added that Mr. Hutton had come back with the medicine already poured out in a wine glass, not in the bottle.

Mr. Hutton's indignation evaporated. He was dismayed, frightened. It was all too fantastic to be taken

seriously, and yet this nightmare was a fact, it was actually happening.

McNab had seen them kissing, often. He had taken them for a drive on the day of Mrs. Hutton's death. He could see them reflected in the wind-screen, sometimes out of the tail of his eye.

The inquest was adjourned. That evening Doris went to bed with a headache. When he went to her room after dinner Mr. Hutton found her crying.

"What's the matter?" He sat down on the edge of her bed and began to stroke her hair. For a long time she did not answer, and he went on stroking her hair mechanically, almost unconsciously; sometimes, even, he bent down and kissed her bare shoulder. He had his own affairs, however, to think about. What had happened? How was it that the stupid gossip had actually come true? Emily had died of arsenic poisoning. It was absurd, impossible. The order of things had been broken, and he was at the mercy of an irresponsibility. What had happened, what was going to happen? He was interrupted in the midst of his thoughts.

"It's my fault, it's my fault!" Doris suddenly sobbed out. "I shouldn't have loved you, I oughtn't to have let you love me. Why was I ever born?"

Mr. Hutton didn't say anything, but looked down in silence at the abject figure of misery lying on the bed.

"If they do anything to you I shall kill myself."

She sat up, held him for a moment at arm's length, and looked at him with a kind of violence, as though she were never to see him again.

"I love you, I love you, I love you." She drew him, inert and passive, towards her, clasped him, pressed herself against him. "I didn't know you loved me as much as that, Teddy Bear. But why did you do it, why did you do it?"

Mr. Hutton undid her clasping arms and got up. His face became very red. "You seem to take it for granted that I murdered my wife," he said. "It's really too grotesque. What do you all take me for? A cinema hero?" He had begun to lose his temper. All the exasperation, all the fear and bewilderment of the day was transformed into a violent anger against her. "It's all such damned stupidity. Haven't you any conception of a

civilised man's mentality? Do I look the sort of man who'd go about slaughtering people? I suppose you imagined I was so insanely in love with you that I could commit any folly. When will you women understand that one isn't insanely in love? All one asks for is a quiet life, which you won't allow one to have. I don't know what the devil ever induced me to marry you. It was all a damned stupid practical joke. And now you go about saying I'm a murderer. I won't stand it."

Mr. Hutton stamped towards the door. He had said horrible things, he knew, odious things that he ought speedily to unsay. But he wouldn't. He closed the door behind him.

"Teddy Bear!" He turned the handle; the latch clicked into place. "Teddy Bear!" The voice that came to him through the closed door was agonised. Should he go back? He ought to go back. He touched the handle, then withdrew his fingers and quickly walked away. When he was half-way down the stairs he halted. She might try to do something silly, throw herself out of window or God knows what! He listened attentively; there was no sound. But he pictured her very clearly, tiptoeing across the room, lifting the sash as high as it would go, leaning out into the cold night air. It was raining a little. Under the window lay the paved terrace. How far below? Twenty-five or thirty feet? Once, when he was walking along Piccadilly, a dog had jumped out of a third-storey window of the Ritz. He had seen it fall, he had heard it strike the pavement. Should he go back? He was damned if he would, he hated her.

He sat for a long time in the library. What had happened? What was happening? He turned the question over and over in his mind and could find no answer. Suppose the nightmare dreamed itself out to its horrible conclusion. Death was waiting for him. His eyes filled with tears; he wanted so passionately to live. "Just to be alive." Poor Emily had wished it, too, he remembered: "Just to be alive." There were still so many places in this astonishing world unvisited, so many queer delightful people still unknown, so many lovely women never so much as seen. The huge white oxen would still be dragging their wains along the Tuscan roads,

the cypresses would still go up, straight as pillars, to the blue heaven; but he would not be there to see them. And the sweet southern wines—Tear of Christ and Blood of Judas—others would drink them, not he. Others would walk down the obscure and narrow lanes between the bookshelves in the London Library, sniffing the dusty perfume of good literature, peering at strange titles, discovering unknown names, exploring the fringes of vast domains of knowledge. He would be lying in a hole in the ground. And why, why? Confusedly he felt that some extraordinary kind of justice was being done. In the past he had been wanton and imbecile and irresponsible. Now fate was playing as wantonly, as irresponsibly with him. It was tit for tat, and God existed, after all.

He felt that he would like to pray. Forty years ago he used to kneel by his bed every evening. The nightly formula of his childhood came to him almost unsought from some long unopened chamber of the memory. "God bless Father and Mother, Tom and Cissie and the Baby, Mademoiselle and Nurse and everyone that I love, and make me a good boy. Amen." They were all dead now, all except Cissie.

His mind seemed to soften and dissolve; a great calm descended upon his spirit. He went upstairs to ask Doris's forgiveness. He found her lying on the couch at the foot of the bed. On the floor beside her stood a blue bottle of liniment, marked "Not to be taken"; she seemed to have drunk about half of it.

"You didn't love me," was all she said, when she opened her eyes to find him bending over her.

Dr. Libbard arrived in time to prevent any very serious consequences. "You mustn't do this again," he said, while Mr. Hutton was out of the room.

"What's to prevent me?" she asked defiantly.

Dr. Libbard looked at her with his large sad eyes. "There's nothing to prevent you," he said. "Only yourself and your baby. Isn't it rather bad luck on your baby, not allowing it to come into the world because you want to go out of it?"

Doris was silent for a time. "All right," she whispered. "I won't."

Mr. Hutton sat by her bedside for the rest of the night.

He felt himself now to be indeed a murderer. For a time he persuaded himself that he loved this pitiable child. Dozing in his chair he woke up, stiff and cold, to find himself drained dry, as it were, of every emotion. He had become nothing but a tired and suffering carcase. At six o'clock he undressed and went to bed for a couple of hours' sleep. In the course of the same afternoon the coroner's jury brought in a verdict of "Wilful Murder," and Mr. Hutton was committed for trial.

VI.

Miss Spence was not very well. She had found her public appearances in the witness-box very trying, and when the trial was over she had something that was very nearly a breakdown. She slept badly, and suffered from nervous indigestion. Dr. Libbard used to call every other day. She talked to him a great deal—mostly about the Hutton case. . . Her moral indignation was always on the boil. Wasn't it appalling to think that one had had a murderer in one's house? Wasn't it extraordinary that one could have been for so long mistaken about the man's character? (But she had had an inkling from the first.) And then the girl he had gone off with—so low class, so little better than a prostitute. The news that the second Mrs. Hutton was expecting a baby—the posthumous child of a condemned and executed criminal—revolted her; the thing was shocking, an obscenity. Dr. Libbard answered her gently and vaguely, and prescribed bromide.

One morning he interrupted her in the midst of her customary tirade. "By the way," he said, in his soft, melancholy voice, "I suppose it was really you who poisoned Mrs. Hutton?"

Miss Spence stared at him for two or three seconds with enormous eyes, and then quietly said, "Yes." After that she started to cry.

"In the coffee, I suppose?"

She seemed to nod assent. Dr. Libbard took out his fountain-pen, and in his neat meticulous caligraphy wrote out a prescription for a sleeping-draught.

A Waste-Paper Philosophy (ii)

(To My Son)

By T. P. Cameron Wilson *

You will find that the hardest of all things to bear is tyranny. An uncle of yours once lived to tell the Scotch manager of a sugar plantation exactly what he thought of him, but he was a great man, and did things given to few to do. You will find tyranny crushing the beauty of life from you, feeding in you a slow fire which burns out love and leaves you a revengeful husk. You will meet it at school, where the wrong sort of master can crush the little wings of your mind as he would crush a fly. You will meet it wherever men are in authority over you. Above all, you will meet it if the curse of God descends again on this world, and you have to join the Army. There (unless you are soulless) your soul will be fainting sometimes at the foot of tyranny, as those two beautiful bodies lie at the foot of Watts's Mammon. Only it will not be Mammon who sits above you. It will be nothing with so awful and vacant a dignity. Only a purple and strutting complacency, which was surely made for man to kick, but which is hedged about with the barbed wire of discipline. God help you, little son, if you are trodden under those well-satisfied hoofs of authority. Either you will give up life then, and let bitterness eat you like a cancer, or you will pity your persecutor, and be in danger of becoming a prig, or else you will possess your soul, and talk quietly in its inmost rooms with God, who does not boss, but lets us work out our own salvation. In any case, it is then that you must go and find the right sort of woman—your mother when the masters have soiled you, and some other woman when you are a man. Let her sympathise with you, and make a fool of you, and pretend that you are splendid, so you may be healed a little.

* * * * * * *

Yet I am not sure that patronage is not more difficult to bear than tyranny, for tyranny has something of the dramatic about it, and the dramatic is never depressing. Whereas patronage is like a mosquito—it irritates, but its

* Killed in action, March 23, 1918.

sting arouses small sympathy. It is like toothache, or a broken finger-nail—torture without dignity.

"Manners makyth man" is a lying proverb, which has been bound too long like a bandage round the eyes of men, and particularly of women. Manners are simply the shoe-horn of society. They assist man to fit comfortably into his surroundings. But they are no more a man than his socks are. People who believe that proverb—and there are many who do so honestly—will believe that the colour of a tie condemns or justifies a man; that a straw hat worn with a frock-coat means eternal instead of merely social damnation; and that a man who drops his aitches drops with them his claim to respect. I have heard a woman say that a man who wore a "made-up tie" with evening dress was beneath contempt, and she meant it. No man is beneath contempt, my son, not even if it is his mind that seems to you little, cheap, and artificial—quite unlike your own carefully constructed and expensively intellectual affair—and his tie matters as little as the number of buttons on his underclothes. But you will find it very difficult to believe that. In fact, you may never do so, and go down to the grave with an awful fear lest your father had long hair and wore red ties.

Big words of which too much writing has made us afraid, become real among the beastliness of war. Love, friendship, honour, courage . . . are words which soldiers do not use. They are too much like tin labels hung round the necks of the gods. Love stands up knee-deep out of the manure of war, a real presence, like the sun-white clouds and the trees, but we affect not to notice it, just as we appear not to see the clouds or the trees. Love of man for man, passing the love of women, is common in the tangle of battles, as mud and sunlight. You accept it as you accept the weather. Courage is common as rain. You see men do great things in face of death, and you discuss your favourite brand of cigarette while you observe. The modesty of "V.C. heroes," which journalists have smeared over them like a kind of vulgar grease-paint, is not modesty but an absolute unconsciousness of anything unusual, since courage is as much part of a fighting man's equipment as his water-bottle. Modesty simpers a little. Unconsciousness of merit never simpers. The hero beloved of

journalists has courage woven into him, and is as honestly surprised and annoyed at all the people who gush on him for what he has done as he would be if they played the band because his feet were small. But make no mistake. War is not good because good comes out of it. You might as well argue that because a great man was horsewhipped as a little boy, all little boys should be horsewhipped that they may become great. You might as reasonably hold that since roses grow from manure you should strew the whole sweet-smelling earth with dung. War is filth. Simply that.

The thought of death for yourself may conceivably be welcome—certainly it is not always terrible. But the sight of death for others is always fearful, and all the philosophies of the world will not make it otherwise. Pity a dead man as you will—you will always fear him a little. Unless you are wholly a brute, you will fear a little his still and awful dignity, his utter harmlessness . . .

There is a sort of ghastly innocence about a dead man armed, an innocence, and a mocking wisdom. The living feel something of that kind of injured gloom which falls on excited children when one of them steps back and says, "I will not play." Pity him, be reverent to the clay that can no more resist your touch, cover him deep from all your senses, and stand up straight into the sun again with your head beyond the high clouds. Live, and forget utterly his clay, save as you knew it formerly, shone through by spirit like a lantern by flame. Live hard, and let alone the two great mysteries of birth and death, lest you chase your own tail like a kitten, and go but giddily to God in your appointed time.

You are less beautiful than flowers, less clean than wild beasts, not so patient as horses, weaker than trees, less faithful than dogs. The bees work harder (and are female), the ant is cleverer, little birds mind their own business . . .

Why, then, are you of greater value than many sparrows? You have a will, which is the greatest thing on earth, which flashes over matter like Excalibur across the marshes. And if you do not use it—one way or another—you are less than the apes, my son, less than the garden spider. Use it as you use your muscles, not only for the little half-conscious movements of the day, but for great

and difficult overcomings. Do hard things for the sheer cussed joy of doing them. Sweat mentally. Feel the good ache in your spiritual muscles. But do not bawl "Fight the good fight" all day, or smile widely on another's sorrow, or hit pale people between the shoulder-blades before breakfast, for that is an awful and brazen selfishness, and men will rightly wish you dead for it.

Look at strangers with carefully concealed interest, not with that cold resentment which is a fool's armour against feeling a fool. Your greatest friend will be a stranger when you first meet him. Like the statue in Michael Angelo's lump of marble, there is a friend hidden in every passer-by, and in one there may be a new Christ.

I saw a man, once, fall from an aeroplane, and realised, suddenly, that until then I had thought of the machine wrongly. I had conceived it as a machine, turning and rising, and moving where it wished to go, whereas it was a man and a machine, but most of all a man. We fall too easily into that fallacy. We see a distant sail, and think of it as a thing like a white butterfly, with its will woven into it. We forget that it is men and a ship, and, most of all, men. We talk of cars "turning," or "swerving," or "racing," but we mean—if we think—that men have made them do these things. Look for the soul of things, son. Don't see just tramps and prostitutes, kings and magistrates. There is a man or a woman under the trappings, and there is divinity in human-kind which you must reverence. When the "damn-those-fellers" attitude has fallen away from man like the last dead leaf from a tree, we shall begin to solve our little economic problems, and each of us who sees a pal that might have been, in the eyes of the foulest criminal, is bringing the old earth nearer to the new earth.

Nearly all "comfortable words" spoken to mourners squeeze the last drops of hope from the supposed saintliness of the dead. "He was good, and he must be happy now." But what of the cases where a man was not good? What of the case where a dead son was a "wrong 'un"? The philosophy of comfort breaks down there, and men yap vaguely of the Divine Will. Few of us are good. Most men are undoubtedly bad, and the fact that the mothers and wives of hundreds of bad men have suddenly

to be comforted has produced a happy doctrine which once gave courage to the Dervishes, but which hesitates a little before our old Western creed which says, "as you make your bed, so you must lie on it."

I mean the doctrine which holds that death in war atones for all crime. It may be so, but quite apart from that, I think that sometimes the most loyal of women must doubt her man, must think herself false to his memory because she cannot fit a halo to his funny old head. I know those who live among the naked truths of war cannot pretend that the man they have loved and who has been killed by their side was a saint because he was dead. They know that men die sometimes swearing or mad or full of bitter hatred, and they would be less than the men they are if they talked of them as godly, or even "good," except in that wide sense of "good fellow," simply because they lie now in the awful silence of death.

Look down from very far above on this one life, this field on a chequered plain of fields, and remember that man can never cease to struggle. He is a fighter against odds, he sweats to get out of the entanglements of life, to do something, to be something. He grasps always at the definite, the complete, and nothing is definite or complete. He wants to round off a life prettily, and the end of every life is like the reverse of an embroidery—all tags and straggled ends. He loves to draw a hard outline round every fact of life, and all things have a misty side where they merge with the eternal.

Think of your dead friend (of your dead father, my son, when the time comes) as moving, sweating, struggling always, his sins, his laughter, his nastiness, his kindness, his stupidities as much part of him as the colour of his eyes. Never complete, always developing in one direction or another, moving, moving, moving. "Working out his own salvation."

Condemn no sins but your own, and remember, if you can, that every man goes on. Expect no man to be a saint, but when you find a saint reverence him as you love the sun. And because death has closed his hand over a sinner do not think that his sins have been frozen on him for eternity. He is not petrified like the corpses of Pompeii. He goes on, my son,—surely he goes on.

How We Prepared the Zeebrugge Attack

By Eyewitness

MANY accounts of the actual action at Zeebrugge, in the early hours of St. George's Day, 1918, have been published, but so far as the writer is aware, nobody has yet described the preparation of the *matériel* and *personnel* for the "coup." It is now three years since this unprecedentedly successful blocking exploit was carried out, and memories are already growing dim, so it seems time to place some record in print of the heavy preliminary work the operation involved.

Most of the *matériel* was prepared in the Dockyard Basins at Chatham, where, early in February, old cruisers of the "Apollo" class, useless for fighting purposes, were being collected for no obvious reason.

These twenty-eight-year-old "Noah's Arks" came from all parts; some had been used as mine-layers at the opening of the war, and been found below modern requirements, and some had served as depôt ships, but all were now dirty and unkempt, yet here were five of them—"Iphigenia," "Intrepid," "Brilliant," "Sirius," and "Thetis," being carefully dry-docked and refitted under water.

Quite unexpectedly, the old battleship "Hindustan," which had arrived from the dispersing Third Battle Squadron, at the Nore, to pay off, received orders to recommission with a reduced crew of about seven officers and a hundred and fifty men selected from the old ship's company. It was a strange order, but nobody then connected it with the refitting of the old cruisers—strange orders were common at that time—and, of course, it was not good policy to discuss unusual happenings too freely.

Being the time of the final Hun offensive, when matters in France were already arousing uneasiness, it was believed

that the authorities were getting nervous about the safety of the French Channel ports, and were merely making ready to render them useless in case of disaster.

The rumours to this effect, which were freely circulated, were very useful later to account for what was obviously happening in the yard, as, of course, it was not possible to prevent the "dockyard mateys" observing preparations which had to be made in the light of day.

About the middle of the month, the old three-funnelled cruiser "Vindictive" arrived from Birkenhead, where she had been refitting for further service in the White Sea, and was warped across the basins to a berth near the "Hindustan." She was brought by a navigating party from Portsmouth, which left her on arrival, and she was, like the other old craft, in an amazingly filthy condition. Her arrival gave a fillip to the mild speculation which had been aroused by the collection of so many obsolete and worthless vessels cumbering up a yard which was usually jealously reserved for the urgent necessities of destroyer and light craft casualties, a speciality for which, indeed, it justly held the highest reputation for efficient and speedy performance.

Mysterious and inconspicuous officers began to arrive on the scene and take up their abode in the "Hindustan," although, as they were careful to explain, their duties had nothing to do with that ship, which, in fact, they had been directed to regard merely as their hotel. When questioned, these gentlemen murmured something about "experiments," and discouraged curiosity regarding their work. They were keenly interested in the air-raids which provided a frequent diversion those long winter evenings, which suggested that they came from a quarter where such happenings were rare.

About this time, it became known that a battalion of Royal Marine Light Infantry was in training at the village of Higham, between Chatham and Gravesend, and was rumoured to be bound for France. Later, the battalion moved off to Shoeburyness for a course of Stokes' mortars and trench warfare. Nobody had reason to connect this very ordinary preparation with the collection of "old crocks" in the dockyard basins at Chatham. There were, also, certain officers busying themselves unobtrusively

among the smaller shipping at Liverpool, but nothing at all was even heard of those.

Early in March, the "Hindustan" was ordered to prepare to receive four hundred men, half seamen and half stokers. It was clear that some unusual operation was on the *tapis*, and officers, who plainly saw they would be concerned in it, began to look at one another meaningly, yet, somehow, forbore to discuss what was in their minds. The four hundred threw some light on the subject; they arrived from a spell of leave, and let it be known to the crew of the battleship that they, the new arrivals, were from the Grand Fleet, and had volunteered for death or glory, and were anxious to begin. "Where did the crew of the 'Hindu' come in?" and "What was the darned show, anyway?" Various officers, whose names were passwords in Navy boxing and rugger matters, arrived, and took speedy charge of the seamen, carting them off daily in motor lorries to somewhere far out on the lines for field training, bringing them back at dusk, dirty and weary but obviously happy. Sometimes, too, they took them out at night as well, and, one joyful day, they marched them round to the Marine Barracks, where jocular clothing sergeants arrayed them in khaki, thereby completing their happiness; there is nothing a bluejacket likes so much as masquerading in someone else's clothes, and these men were disguised as soldiers *pro tem.* There was, however, jealousy among the two hundred stokers when they found they were not to become "soldiers" too, as they had expected; moreover, there was not work for them immediately, and they had nothing better to do than sit round the stoves in the cold and nearly deserted mess-decks brooding over their fancied slight; by-and-bye, their growling was stopped by real dirty work in the bilges of the old cruisers, and it is probable they were given to understand they would see more interesting service later in those same vessels, for they caused no more bother.

All this time the weather remained fine and frosty, and was, in fact, as nearly ideal as possible for the many and diverse preparations in hand. The "Hindustan," as council-chamber, offices, hotel and barracks for all the individuals engaged, swarmed like a beehive in spring; the "Vindictive" alongside her, and to some extent concealed

from the public curiosity by her bulk, was being transformed in outward appearance from a rather ugly and old-fashioned cruiser to a structure like nothing that had floated before, unless, possibly, there was some resemblance to one of the United States Navy fleet colliers with the well-known clump of gantries; and the five "old crocks," scattered round the basins, had shed their masts and most of their guns and upper-deck fittings, and appeared, from the piles of bricks and bags of cement which cumbered their ancient decks, to have retired from their militant profession and gone into the building trade.

The captain of the "Hindustan," who acted as general overseer and task-master, kept all the plans in his own head, promising enlightenment in due season, and contented himself, meanwhile, with issuing very broad instructions to his departmental officers, and giving them *carte blanche* authority and an injunction to "use their common sense" for the rest.

So they demanded, "wangled," and drew stores of a kind and a quantity never before issued to a battleship, blandly explaining that they were required for a very "hush-hush" affair, and, as even chiefs of dockyard departments are human—and therefore inquisitive—let it be known "in strict secrecy" that the scene would probably be the "White Sea." That particular part of the ocean was a very handy "cover" just then, as nobody knew, with any exactness, what was happening there; as a matter of fact, the British authorities were "packing up" with all speed to quit that luckless area, at the time.

Occasionally the "wanglers" received checks and rebuffs on their forays, but on the whole their requisitions were met with remarkable willingness, especially by the victualling department at Deptford, hard pressed though it was to meet the needs of the Grand Fleet away in the mists of the North.

All through March, the work of preparation was pushed forward quietly and unobtrusively, grimly and steadily. The internal economy of the old "Hindustan," where the officers and men engaged in these activities "hived" after working hours, was far from uncomfortable. The officers' mess early displayed a liveliness sufficient to incur a mild rebuke from the work-weary "overseer," whose

sleeping cabin abutted on the bulkhead precisely opposite the place selected for the expeditionary piano in the wardroom, and after that harmony and hilarity had, perforce, to cease at 11 p.m. sharp; nevertheless, convivial evenings continued. Occasionally, an enormously tall soldier officer, who was assisting in the training of the volunteer sailor-soldiers, came on board and gave exhibitions of jiu-jitsu and feats of strength and skill, but the old Navy chorus "sing-song" was the rule. During daylight hours, the old ship seethed with business. In the captain's quarters, councils were held almost continuously, and officers, who gave no names and stated no business, came, were admitted, and in due season left; sometimes one of them would step into the wardroom in search of an old shipmate or to smoke a cigarette before hurrying away, but none mentioned what brought him on board.

Barges and trucks of stores and munitions arrived alongside, and were cleared and sent empty away, their erstwhile contents having been transferred to the capacious holds of the "Hindustan." Owing to the removal of her former 6-inch gun battery from her main deck, that ship boasted a large and spacious mess-deck (or crew's living space), and was altogether well suited to her novel duties of combined hotel, barrack, offices and storeship, and by persistent efforts some suitable corner was found for everything and everybody. The gun-room (or the midshipmen's mess) became a sort of general clothing and hardware store, despite the protests of the chaplain who wished to make it a chapel, the gun-room pantry became a *personnel* office, the gun-room store became an officers' baggage-room, the band-master's cabin became a victualling office, where a master-at-arms strove to keep track of the ebb and flow of the human tide, the after small-arms magazine became a bedding store whither, daily, a party of seamen carried and deposited the result of their labours—hundreds of lashed up slung sets of bedding in hammocks—to wait use by some mysterious host still to come, and for whom, also, the whole port side of the mess-deck and bag-flats was roped off and reserved, and in like manner many other spaces were assigned to unusual purposes.

So, also, were various individuals taken, tested, and bent to quite unaccustomed duties for the general end; a

midshipman, sent back to the ship from sick leave by an error on the part of the Medical Department of the Admiralty, was seized and handed over to the navigating officer for a "tanky" or assistant; a seaman-bugler boy sent back from hospital after an attack of mumps, also in error, was eagerly greeted until it transpired that his cheeks were still too sore for bugling, when, as nobody could be wasted, he became a highly intelligent messenger; six newly-entered seaman lads were set to supplement the inadequate gang of officers' servants, and hosts of others were selected to fill posts for which appropriate qualified men could not be extracted from the reluctant authorities of the depleted naval barracks. It must be said that the great majority of these individuals, diverted to strange work often of great importance, acquitted themselves marvellously well, but "the right spirit" is a wonderful solvent for difficulties, and cheerful willingness was taken as the chief index of suitability when making the selections.

Now the general tone and spirit of those engaged in this affair was a marvellous and instructive thing to watch. This remark does not refer to the volunteers, who knew well they were in for some real enterprise and a combat of some sort—their spirit was above criticism; it refers to the spirit which engendered and grew among the five hundred men of the battleship, who had been drafted there in the ordinary course of duty without special prospect of distinction in the operations for which they toiled to prepare and make the way easy for others. At first, these showed only apathetic obedience to orders, but, little by little, it dawned on their intelligence that some really great objective was contemplated, interest quickened, and a sense of "team feeling" became apparent among the miscellaneous elements (for they could hardly be termed "a ship's company"), which strengthened as time wore on, and the real purpose of the operations became intelligible, until it sustained them cheerfully and triumphantly all through the long stretch of sixteen-hour days of toil that became necessary before the victorious end was attained. It was an inspiring spectacle, on the whole, good work well done.

During this time, the officers' mess was cheered by the arrival of various members of the R.N.V.R., Air Service and Military to join them. One was a real live M.P., who

could be "drawn" good-naturedly on the unfailing subjects of politics, but he was well able to take care of himself as it was not his first appearance in a militant capacity.

Others were found to be experts in fireworks and "frightfulness."

About the middle of March, the five old cruisers had been deemed so far ready as to be able to receive their own crews of about one hundred men each on board, and, by the end of the month, the "Vindictive" was made, if not clean, at least sanitary and habitable; the various portions of the expedition were settled into their places, and the final work of preparation pressed steadily on; the accommodation in all these adapted vessels was miserable in the extreme, but it was cheerfully accepted as part of a game from which discomfort must be inseparable.

The outlines of the force in preparation were now clearly discernible. The "Hindustan" was the depôt ship for five vessels fitted for the purpose of harbour blocking, and the "Vindictive" now appeared as a floating contrivance to attack at close quarters, and throw boarding parties into, some fortifications standing on a deep-water frontage.

The only obscure point was the situation of the objective; there were several which might be attempted with such an outfit.

It was at this juncture that the Captain thought fit to impart the "secret" in confidence to his officers. Aft, in his cabin-council-chamber, he solemnly explained that the preparations they had been making were merely for the purpose of rendering the French Channel Ports useless in case it was imperative to abandon them to the encroaching Huns. There was a suspicion that he had his tongue in his cheek as he said all this (figuratively, of course), but somehow the address left a lurking sense of disquiet—on the face of what they knew, it seemed absurd, yet it left a feeling that perhaps, after all, it might be the true explanation. It was a masterpiece, in a way; it certainly had the effect of making individuals less cocksure of their theories and more silent for the time being—which was probably the intention.

After this, matters seemed to settle down into a period of waiting.

(To be continued.)

Band Music

By Sydney A. Moseley

THE answer to the cynical question whether England is a musical nation depends on what you mean by music and what you mean by nation. The people who went crazy over Kreisler's return recently probably have a definition of music totally different from that of Mr. Darewski. In the same manner of analysis, you would assuredly find that the Hoxton Reform Association's idea of who represents the nation may not include that very body which imagines itself to be the backbone of the country. Hence there is always a certain airy and vague assumption in referring to "the nation" or "the people."

Which part of the nation? Which part of the people?

However, in dealing with the music played at the seaside I am on safe—and may I say untilled?—ground. The nation—the people—everybody goes to the seaside—be it Southend, Scarborough or Skegness.

Everywhere music is played. To millions this is the chief attraction. Well then, here is an opportunity of ascertaining definitely the kind of fare provided and the taste of those who accept the music. *Voilà!* Once and for all we shall be able to answer the question whether England is a musical nation!

Let me briefly anticipate objections. The music provided at the seaside, one might say, is the result of a conference between the entertainments committee and the band-master. The latter, being a musician by birth, might be over-ridden by Councillor Bluggins, a musician by choice. To the bandmaster's suggestion for "Tannhäuser," Bluggins may conceivably reply "Oh, let's 'ave a bit of high jinks—'oliday time, you know. Say a bit of Dervishes' dance."

So that in the programme you find—as I have found so often—analytical notes of a breathless, pulsating order.

But even Bluggins, after all, would bow, must inevit-

ably bow, to the force of public opinion (!) If the realistic Dervishes' dance is encored—as it assuredly is—then on the next day you shall find a sequel in the Coons' Carnival or the Niggers' Nocturne. Oh, you say, that's probably at Brighton or Southend, but not Bridlington—or Bournemouth! Very well. For the past few seasons I have laboured in collecting musical programmes from the majority of seaside places. There are, roughly, some six or seven thousand items. To analyse these would take me weeks, I thought. It hasn't. I almost wept at the ease. For instance, by eliminating current musical comedies I have cut down my task by a sixth! By a similar process of elimination—omitting such ephemeral patriotic airs as "The Victor," "Soldiers' Glory," "Pro Patria," "Naval," "The Machine Gun Guards," "Our Fleet," "My Regiment," "The Great Little Army," I have reduced my task to the tiniest compass.

In one of the programmes played this season by the 8th London (Howitzer) Brigade, R.F.A. (by permission of the officer commanding!) we had most of these. Nevertheless, it is with a fine sense of contrast that the conductor gives us the "Casino Tanze" by Gunl and a piccolo solo of "The Deep Blue Sea."

By subtracting these piccolo solos, by the way, I am again able to lessen the task of analysis. It will help, too, in coming to our conclusion upon the evidence to state, here and now, that every one of these piccolo solos was vociferously applauded. (Now I wonder whether those who applaud Kreisler would applaud Mr. Piccolo . . or—a good idea—whether the people would still applaud Kreisler if he interpreted his music on a piccolo. . .)

However, to go back to our Howitzers. Having bombarded us with loyal airs, beginning, I should have added, with "The British Grenadiers" (to end, of course, with the National Anthem), he proceeds to fire a march, "Old Faithful," and a couple of Rossini masterpieces at us. If Rossini ever wrote anything else besides "William Tell" I should like to know. Judging, at any rate, from these many thousands of musical items, he has not; neither did Gounod aspire to anything beyond "Faust"; nor Wagner anything besides "Tannhäuser."

The 1st Life Guards, with an L.R.A.M. as director of

music, show you how the thing should be done. Apart from "Semiramide," a quick step, "King of the Seas," and the inevitable musical comedy, the programme is on a higher level. These are the works of Grieg, "La Tosca" (a Chopin waltz as an encore), and Mendelssohn's "Ruy Blas." Be it noted, too, that the band defies convention by playing Wagner at Southend. And this band has discovered that the German composer also wrote "Lohengrin."

The music played by the 1st Batt. 57th D.C.O. Middlesex Regiment is what Councillor Bluggins would term "a bit of 'igh jinks." There is "Joytime Jingles," "Unrequited Love," "Sand Dunes," "Sounds of Peace," "Golden Sparks" (piccolo solo !) and, to be sure, "William Tell."

The 2nd Life Guards, conducted by Major Charles Hall, M.V.O., belong to a different school from their friends in the 1st Life Guards. We have, for instance, a pot-pourri of "Melodious Memories" ("fascinating airs which have haunted the memories of music lovers during the past fifty years"), the Dardanella—born and worn in one season—an Indian March, and some Irish dances. In another programme by the same band, Scotland has a look in with a fantasia of songs of the North and a selection of Harry Lauder's songs : from whence we are transported in the next item to the Caucasus through the medium of musical sketches by one Ippolitor Ivanor :

1. In the Gorge.
2. In the Village Street.
3. Procession of the Sirdar.

In yet another programme of the same band France is represented by a Military March, and the Southern States of America by a selection of plantation songs. Probably as further homage to the same quarter, we have an excerpt, entitled "Chicken Reel," . . . and "Swanee." If I would account, with a stroke of the pen, for a few more hundred items I could do so with "Swanee." Let the musical critic judge. In every band, at every seaside place, "Swanee" is played. . . Then why does not Mr. Landon Ronald play it?

The Royal Horse Guards (the Blues) play Waldteufel

and Wagner, Matt and Monckton. "The Flying Dutchman" rubs wings with "Fame and Glory"; "Lohengrin" with "Tails Up."

As an innovation, the 1st Batt. of "The Cameronians" (Scottish Rifles) sing as well as play. A Dervish chorus, "In the Soudan," proves to be an excellent opportunity for vocal talent. Then "Roses of Picardy" (faded ere this), "Scotland's Ride," and—"Grossmatterchen" by Longer . . . Aye, Scotland stands where she did—in every programme.

The Royal Marines (Deal) play Liszt, Offenbach, Chopin, and Darewski.

The Prince of Wales's Own play "The Apache," "Oh! Helen!" "The Wild, Wild Women," and—"Pagliacci."

And so on!

Taking a heap of programmes at random, and analysing some three to four thousand items, played in all parts of England, by various Army bands, we get some further interesting results.

A British composer—Sullivan—tops the list with "Iolanthe" (the selection, or just the "March of the Peers"). And how many do you think does this top score represent—just 22! Gounod comes close at heel with 21 for "Faust." "Carmen" was played 18 times, "Lohengrin" and "William Tell" 14 each; "Tannhäuser," "Pagliacci," and "Zampa" 12 times. Sullivan's next best take the following order:—

Gondoliers, 15	H.M.S. Pinafore, 6
Yeomen of the Guard, 14	Pirates of Penzance, 5
Mikado, 12	Sorcerer, 2

The "Lost Chord" was played three times! Lost indeed, alas!

Other British composers of note take a back seat. Edward German is represented here and there with the good old "Merrie England," but Sir Edward Elgar's best works are strangely absent. I came across the melodious "Salut d'Amour" but twice. Once on a time it was often played as an encore; now it is ousted by imported ragtimes.

The deafening "1812," one is thankful to note, has been given a rest. In the thousands of items it was played four times!

"Cavalleria Rusticana" ties with Sibelius' "Finlandia"—10 each! Beethoven has a peep in, with a score of two—both "Egmont." Wagner—beyond "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin"—has nothing to write home about, "The Flying Dutchman" being played twice, "The Meistersingers" three times, and "Rienzi," alas, but twice.

The relative popularity of Puccini's operas is often discussed, and the *habitués* of Covent Garden can never agree about them. Well, here is the verdict of the British Public and the Army bands:

La Bohème, 11
Madame Butterfly, 8
La Tosca, 3

The old favourite of the gods, "Poet and Peasant," was given in eight programmes, and "Light Cavalry" four times. Verdi's voice is heard in "Aïda" eight times, and "La Traviata" six times.

The always well-received "Petit Suite de Concert" (Coleridge-Taylor) was given only five times.

The lighter music is, naturally, more popular, although such pieces as "Sylvia" (10 times) and "Raymond" (13 times), a comparatively new tune, "The Wee Macgregor Patrol" (12 times), and the tuneful "Ballet Egyptien" (15 times) are put in the shade by descriptive pieces about Niggers' Birthdays and Candy Sugar Queens.

Unblushing thefts by very modern composers, who think nothing of lifting a whole phrase from a dead master and by an obvious variation—sometimes not even altered by a note!—passing it off as a ragtime, become more frequent. Chopin, Mendelssohn, and Wagner are a few whose work has been purloined and put to debased use.

Why do not the publishers of these great works guard the dead against such infamy of the living?

Another cheap and annoying system of the "popular" composer is the hotch-potch! An example of this kind of patchwork is an atrocious thing entitled "A Musical Switch," by Kenneth Alford. How would he, I ask, like to be similarly mutilated and dovetailed—a finger here, a toe there—with totally different types?

You ask—and you may well ask—how the remaining

thousands of items are made up. I am perfectly certain that if I gave the full list not one reader in a thousand would recognise a dozen of them. They represent the cheapest, the muckiest, the tawdriest concoctions of notes that ever masqueraded under the sacred term of music.

It is a fact—melancholy or merry, according to your musical temper—that a first-class piece is received with sober enthusiasm and a rollicking, unconventional ditty with acclamation.

The bands play a fantasia of "Faust," which is always welcome, but it is nothing to the reception of "Whispering" by Schonberger which follows it. Immediately the opening strains are heard the people sit up, their eyes light up, their feet begin to dance in time to the tune, and a subdued ventriloquial vocal accompaniment is heard all over the enclosure. Well, and why not? There is a haunting melody about "Whispering" which makes it a worthy successor to "The Swanee River." And talking about the river which won the musical ears of our grandparents, another ditty—the rage of last season, as I have already indicated—bids fair to live on. It is called "Swanee," and its lucky composer, Mr. Gersham, must have netted a fortune from seaside enthusiasts alone. Then there is an Indian Romance, "Hobomoko," by Reeves, which ensures more applause than any well-thought-out, highly skilful work.

"Descriptive" pieces have a great vogue with seaside Army bands. For instance, in one programme—by the 2nd Batt. Royal Irish Fusiliers—there are "A Southern Wedding," "A Dervish Chorus," and "A Hunting Scene!"

All these pieces are applauded with gusto. And the encore brings forth a *bonne bouche* in the form of a jolly ragtime. There was a time when encore was interpreted as "again," and the conductor obliged with a repetition of the last movement. Nowadays we are treated to a short new piece, and the people, I imagine, sometimes hopefully applaud a bad piece, as a child smiles at a pill in order to get the "sweetie."

And now, having listened to the band—Is England a Musical Nation?

Back to Methuselah

By S. O.

At last—Bernard Shaw has succumbed. Responding to the natural reflex of the Puritan race, as the good Briton Mr. Shaw reverts to religion (it may be that Shakespeare's real claim to immortality lies in the fact that he didn't). Oscar Wilde was approaching that stage in "Salome"; Frank Harris fell long ago; George Moore is to-day an expert; Wells has pegged out a new Bible, and now Shaw, masquerading in the form of a metabiological Pentateuch, magistrally equipped with the metabolism of evolution, circumstantial selection, metaphysics, and anti-Darwinism, evokes the Serpent to reconstruct the Garden of Eden; plumps for longevity; decides for "creative evolution"; emerges as the new-life force and the Lemur of the Early Christians with the doctrine of iconography.

Sooner or later, this reflex was inevitable in any man so English as Bernard Shaw. To found a new religion is ever the Puritan's quest: Shaw's projection is Methuselah. We jump Voltaire to return to the dodo's egg. The end is mind, and the first step is will—will leading to the absolute vortex, the supremacy of life over matter, of heresy the slayer of all heresy.

This prodigious feat is accomplished in five plays, ranging from as it was "In the beginning" to "As far as thought can reach: A.D. 31920," when Lilith, advancing to the footlights, pronounces as envoi the ultimate wisdom, that life is infinite: "It is enough that there is a beyond."

Incidentally, this was Strindberg's conclusion at the end of his great trilogy, "To Damascus," and it has the true philosophy of inconclusiveness. It is the statement of immanence. The Catholic Church will hardly quail before this iconography, the needy will not derive much inspiration. But it is precisely that quality which makes drama. As the functional priest of religion, Shaw is superb. He quickens even our doubts. It is pure thought. He is the

social Judex of our time. He gives us 300 years of life; he gives us babies born of eggs, four years of "life" with its dolls and art pulsations; he introduces us to the ancients who dwell in mind; finally Lilith has to confess: "I can wait"—we go back to where we were, to the intellectual Utopia of Eve, whose "clever ones have inherited the Earth." The Serpent who gave to Eve knowledge, Eve who gave to woman curiosity, Adam who gave to man love, Cain who gave to life murder, war, and Napoleons—these make way for a humanity which has accepted the burden of "eternal life," and when that consummation is reached once more the problem arises: Stagnation or progress? Bernard Shaw stops at the precise moment that the ancients really seem to be realising something, perhaps wisely as a biologist, perhaps merely with the cunning of a dramatist. As we leave them in the year 31920 A.D., the ancients are reaching out astrally, compassing new divinations, new æons, and that is dramatic enough. Lilith at least appears to be satisfied. The artists are dethroned. "Art, child, is the magic mirror you make to reflect your invisible dreams in visible pictures . . . but we who are old use neither glass mirrors nor works of art. We have a direct sense of life. When you gain that you will put aside your mirrors and statues, your toys and your dolls." *Et tu, Brute!* Yes, this is Shaw the iconographer. The last doll is the body. When man has discarded that, he is the eternal life. This is very hard on the boys and maidens. It eliminates love. It abolishes beauty. It syncopates creation. It syndicates life as death. The question is: Should we not die, then, of this perfection—*i.e.*, of spontaneous combustion—seeing that if there is a beyond there can be no finality and so no absolute man or woman? And Shaw himself has qualms about his evolutionary Frankensteins, for Pygmalion does reconstruct a synthetic couple, greatly to the disgust of the "new baby," *ætas* three hours, who considers these automata of reflexes simply childish. But Shaw understands our confusions. His synthetic Cleopatra bites Pygmalion, which relieves our feelings. The artist is not the ultimate creator, for, as Shaw explains: "It is such a pity that you artists have no intellect," which again is perhaps the message of this dramatic sequence.

Methuselah is a protest against dolls and toys—against the flesh. Artists lack the life-sense; their lives are an abstraction, consequently they miss the ultimate truth of things, which is life. And it is here that Shaw reveals the religion of his own art, stated in terms of life, and it is poetry. In this essay on the thought of religion, Shaw stands out as poet. He has gone back to myth-making, to symbolism, imagery, to "Behaviourism," as only a poet could. This is where he creates. If the thought is elimination, the method is sublimation, and what one remembers out of this vortex of "rejected addresses" is truly the poetry of it—the poetry of science.

Take this passage, delivered by the "He-ancient": "In the hard-pressed heart of the Earth, where the inconceivable heat of the sun still glows, the stone lives in fierce atomic convulsion, as we live in our slower way. When it is cast out to the surface it dies, like a deep-sea fish: what you see is only its cold, dead body. We have tapped that central heat as prehistoric man tapped water-springs; but nothing has come up alive from those flaming depths; your landscapes, your mountains, are only the world's cast skins and decaying teeth, on which we live like microbes." That is poetry, because it is a thought of beauty, a startling truth, a strangely imaginative projection, more advanced than Ibsen, less mystic than Strindberg. That really is Shaw at his highest conception. When, brushing the Darwinian professors aside, who cut off mice's tails to see whether their offspring would be tailless, he proclaims that mind is the true creative faculty, that it is through mind that man will transmit, transform, and transubstantiate—into longevity, into knowledge, into thought, into eternity, we feel hopelessly and ineradicably Scottish, for precisely mind seems to be the one non-transmittable quality. If Shakespeare, Beethoven, Goethe, Shelley, Sophocles, Voltaire, could not transmit their genius, how is the herd mortal to succeed? All the time Nature is the jealous God, and where genius, or even greatness, is concerned, she seems to say, Enough! History is the record of this taboo. The Greeks reached beauty and perished. Rome fought herself into decadence. Empires, nations, genius, they cease just when they reach the summit. Even virtue is not transmittable. The son of a learned parent is

generally a "mug," yet this is not so physically. Beauty does follow beauty, but the fruit of genius is only too often sterility, so that thought would seem an eccentricity which Nature has decided shall not transform, shall not be creatively evolutionary.

Shall we, by controlling our reflexes, evolve into the higher life? Such is Shaw's ninepin. Goethe had a shot at it; Shaw has only tilted at another angle. Out of his iconography the poet alone escapes.

His Garden of Eden is charming. The picture of the Serpent licking Eve is as good as his Cleopatra asleep on the Pyramid, accosted by Julius Cæsar. In this power of myth-dramatisation Shaw is peerless. He is the world's imager, the great suggester, the discoverer. How admirable, too, the passage between Napoleon and the oracle who, so like a woman, shoots "Boney" at five yards and misses! This is the evolutionary theatre—great stuff. Burge and Lubin are not so successful, nor is the sublimated contraption of Burge-Lubin; we are too near the earth. Shaw excels the further he gets from realities. In the infinities he is at home. With Eve he can discourse naturally. When he comes to the toys and dolls of automatic man, his poetry turns to prose—he is himself an "ancient."

This youth to whom he assigns four years of toydom and dolldom, of love and dance and cymbals, is this quite the true wisdom? Only too often youth is unhappy, especially creative youth. On the stage at the Russian Ballet youth is triumphant, but in life youth is by no means happiness, and again, the supreme wisdom of age is youth. To be when you cannot be, to fail to be when you can—this is our lot, and love is its only equipoise. What is thought? What is genius? To-day, the genius of man would seem to be the Jews who own the earth. A tribe. And they do transmit; their evolution has been creative. To-day, Polonius would have to sub-edit his famous judgment on credit.

Shaw's Platonism lacks ecstasy, like Positivism and all other forms of agnosticism, but as poet he shines very bright. In one sense this sequence, with its biological preface, seems to be a confession, as if he himself had grown tired of the toys and dolls of the theatre and sought an abbotcy. He has spotted the weakness of the artist—

his unintellectuality, which unfits him to rule. He wants a new legend. The way of Tarzan, the Ape, leads but towards Napoleon, to Burge and Lubin, to the garden of endless weeds. It is high time we had a new religion. The new faith is metabiology.

All this is curiously close to Mrs. Eddy, who denied the existence of evil. Her contribution is love, yet to-day the world is ruled by hate, and war and capital are gods. That is the difficulty facing any science of religion—words are not what they seem. The only law seems to be Nature, which we know is always cruel. Probably Cain learned to slay by watching a starling swallow a worm, or a hawk swooping upon a field-mouse, or a young cuckoo kicking a baby thrush out of the nest. Can knowledge beat instinct? That is what it comes to. Shall we, when we are Methuselahs, have anything left worth living for? Mr. Shaw leaves the answer to the other iconographers. Our question is: Who is going to stage this metabiological comedy?

Britain's Opportunity

By Austin Harrison

I SHOULD like to call earnest attention to the re-published article in this issue, "Irish Settlement," by Professor John MacNeill, originally printed in this Review, September, 1917. The article was written at the time as a considered statement of the Sinn Fein position as the result of a very serious endeavour to obtain from the Irish leaders a fighting co-operation against the common enemy in return for what was then styled League of Nations law, which I, for my part, believed in and, let me say, still believe in, for to-day it is Europe's only chance. The Sinn Fein leaders were actually ready for such a policy, and had the Government taken up the line indicated in this Review at that critical moment, taken it up sincerely, I mean, without a doubt Ireland might have been linked up in the fighting commonwealth of the Empire on the basis of interdependence. But suspicion and that lazy fatalism which has always characterised our attitude and policy towards Ireland triumphed; the Irish, scenting a trap—which in reality was entirely non-existent (we had no sort of connexion officially or semi-officially with either Government, party, or officialdom)—cried off just when some likelihood did seem to exist of interesting responsible Ministers, chiefly through the intelligent activity of Mr. Duke, K.C., and so the last opportunity of finding a *fighting* peace equation with Ireland vanished.

I underline the word *fighting* peace equation, no other being psychologically conceivable. After the rebellion in 1916, carried out by some 800 men, both sides naturally felt unmitigated humiliation; we that such a stab in the back was possible in the critical hour of our history; the Irish, naturally a military people, in that things had come to such a fell pass. Almost all that has happened since is the natural reflex of the Dublin rising, and as in war nothing

but action matters, so only through active co-operation could the Irish at that time hope to obtain our forgiveness. The idea was to obtain from prominent Sinn Fein leaders a signed statement of willingness to fight for the Empire in consideration of a League of Nations settlement; and this statement was obtained. It failed because there was no League of Nations Tribunal, no real desire to establish one. It was a unique opportunity lost by politicians who lacked imagination, unable to move out of the ruck of habit. The usual thing happened. Both Sinn Fein there and police here became suspicious; friend and foe turned against our good offices, the result was *nil*. A fairly accurate summary was published subsequently in *The New Statesman* of the part played by my friend and myself in our venture to line up Ireland in the war, but the only real thing left was the article by Professor John MacNeill, which is here re-published.

Of great importance then, it is equally important now, for it will be the basis of agreement which every serious man and woman in this Empire must from their hearts pray for. Professor MacNeill is an Ulsterman, neither bigot nor fanatic. Those who read his article will note its temperate language, its reasoned logic, its statesmanlike association with the English-speaking race. The only alternative is more militarism.

As he points out, no minority need fear oppression; the inviolability of Irish territory would be an imperial interest; independent but interdependent, Ireland would take her place for and within the Empire.

After the King's summons to peace, and as the result of the Premier's letter and of the conversations so happily begun, it is almost inconceivable that the people of this country will permit of failure. Such a thing would be indecent, grotesque, incompatible with civilised behaviour, and though the road is not likely to be easy and stumbling-blocks are to be expected, the prospect of a return to the sordid internecine warfare of murders and reprisals can at least be regarded as intolerable. We have reached a stage in our evolution when Ireland can no longer be treated as merely a rebel neighbour, as a Cromwellian nuisance. Ireland is to-day a vital imperial question, of incalculable moment to the English-speaking world, because as a

problem it is a test of our very civilisation. The suggestion made in this Review last month that the imperial Ministers should seize the opportunity of their presence on these shores to sit as a kind of advisory board on an Irish settlement, has most fortunately been acted upon, pre-eminently by General Smuts, who of all men is most admirably qualified to find the needful equation. That he would embark on this dangerous mission without careful consideration, we may dismiss; the probabilities are that he will be given a pretty free hand, not only as negotiator, but also as adjudicator. Indeed, what we are witnessing is a miniature League of Nations atmosphere, which means that in place of force and the old-world spirit of domination, the healing functions of conversation, conference, and comprehension are to come into use. On such lines success is surely obtainable, for, as General Smuts has bravely said: "Ireland is capable of a solution." That needed to be said, and the more it is repeated the nearer we shall approach a consummation.

At this juncture, perhaps, the less written the better. It is a great mistake to make a secrecy of the course of negotiations, for trickery will lead nowhere, and it is high time that England knew exactly who are the opponents of a real peace, and where the true obstruction lies. But the pressure on our Government is great. Not only the Empire. America, too, awaits anxiously the result, and if there is no result, and De Valera returns to Ireland merely to give the signal to renew operations, the world will indeed marvel at our obtuseness. In that case, we can hardly go to the very important world conference at Washington with a clean policy. Ireland is in fact the touchstone of Britain's sincerity, and if we fail here we are not likely to succeed at Washington.

The prospects are good. I can only hope that General Smuts will be given full latitude to explore every avenue, and that reason be pressed gallantly home. Then we shall hardly fail to succeed. Over Ireland we have to find the new formula of imperial association, which in itself is an imperial interest of the highest concern. Every sane reason governing our civilisation demands a settlement here and now, so that "apparelled like the spring" once more Britain may go to America in peace and honour. It is also

the Premier's life opportunity. England is weary of this Satanic struggle now gravely sapping the heart-strings of Empire. Anything done here calculated to impede the progress of the negotiations, to arouse bitterness, or check the enthusiasm for peace, would be most reprehensibly unsocial, unpatriotic, anti-imperial. Ireland can be settled within the imperial orbit. That is the outstanding truth. Our historical future will largely hang on the issue. Above sect or party, that issue is the justification of the Empire, and by it we shall be judged, and in turn derive sanction to stand in judgment upon others. This is our responsibility to our blood and culture to-day. Let Ireland be Irish, and Britain will have laid a white stone of example and utility, not only for and within the Empire, but to the world.

Irish Settlement*

By Professor John MacNeill

The Russian delegates who were in London some weeks ago spoke wisely when they said that it was necessary to get away clear from the statecraft not of Cæsardom nor of the Middle Ages, but of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. I own that it is hard to get away from the ideas of that statecraft under which we have been born and reared, in which we have acquiesced when we have not been engaged in backing it up or in battling against it. Yes, in battling against it; for the war has shown how far those who proclaim warfare against a certain set of ideas in world-politics can themselves either become infected with what they profess to combat or—I am not judging between the alternatives—can be forced to disclose, from beneath their own garb of propriety, the presence of the uncomeliness that they condemn. It is hard indeed to get away from these ideas, hardest perhaps for those who have held sway in the welter of international politics, easiest perhaps for those who, like the newly enfranchised politicians of Russia, have been kept free by servitude from willing participation in the statecraft of the dead centuries.

It provokes a smile, but not a smile of mirth, when one hears and reads how political questions of the present and the future are still gravely discussed in terms of the obsolescent era. Surely no transcendent imagination is needed to realise that, since the war is incomparably the biggest event in political history, it is certain to open new ways in which previous political experience will afford no true or safe guidance. The war itself is the death-agony of the old political world. Adhesion to the statecraft of the past is the sure token of ineptitude in statesmen of the present and of the future. For certain grizzled veterans it is high wisdom to proclaim that "Ireland is the Heligoland of the Atlantic." Our children will admire the archaic touches in some picture in which these fine old fellows, still

* Reprinted from the English Review, September, 1917.

swearing by the nineteenth century, are depicted thumping the table till the grog leaps high in their glasses. But even now a new wine is fermenting that will not be contained in the old bottles.

It is risky to attempt forecasting the unprecedented. We may still be far away from the parliament of man, the federation of the world; or it may be upon our threshold. There is one anticipation from which we need not shrink. The fundamental notion of statecraft during the past era has been the "sovereign independent State," the State absolute. In this conception the State, and therefore statesmanship, have been stripped of all ethical character. Towards the subject the State is sovereign. "The king" —*i.e.*, the State—"can do no wrong," and on the part of the "subject," for this is the significant term for the individual citizen, to resist the State under any circumstances, to any degree—disaffection, sedition, treason, rebellion—is a crime. Success alone, as in the American or the Russian Revolution, can change such crimes to virtues; and what was wrong to meditate becomes right to achieve. Towards other States the State is independent, and here again the State can do no wrong; *silent leges inter arma.* The doctrine of sovereign independence removes statesmanship from the reach of morality. Yet it is daily evident that the ordinary man thinks the State bound in some way by the moral law, by "thou shalt not kill, thou shalt not steal, thou shalt not bear false witness, thou shalt not covet." The statesman, whatever his own notions may be, recognises this sentiment in the people, and is ever straining to make the case that the commandments are kept by his own State and broken by the enemy's—pleas inconsistent with the pure theory of sovereign independence.

Now, the present war is the greatest of all wars. It affects the lives of more ordinary men than any previous war. It is watched, discussed, "canvassed in all its bearings," by a far larger number of ordinary men, with a larger knowledge or assumption of knowledge, than in the case of any previous war. The natural result is to revise the hitherto prevalent notion of sovereign independence. Already we can see the notion in process of modification. Several of the belligerent Powers have themselves questioned the right of sovereignty where it is claimed by

imperial States over subject nations. Great Britain and France have echoed the declarations of America and Russia. The doctrine of the rights of nations has been set up against the doctrine of absolute sovereignty. It is not unlikely that the theory of independence may have to give way to a theory of interdependence. Here may be stated what at first sight may appear to be a paradox. When the idea of interdependence takes concrete form, it will be found that the interdependent nations will be in enjoyment of a much larger degree of real liberty than is at present enjoyed by the independent States.

The truth of this apparent paradox is easily illustrated. Let us imagine a small island inhabited, as are one or two islands that I know, by some sixty or seventy families; and let us imagine that each of these families, in its relation to all the others, enjoys sovereign independence. The condition is one not of civil liberty but of anarchy. Those who are sovereign and independent can do no wrong, therefore there is no law and there are no stable rights. It is in the stability of rights, and not in the power of men to do whatever they wish to do, that real liberty consists. For the condition of independence, let a condition of interdependence, that is to say of law even in the mildest form, of some effective mutual recognition of stable rights, be introduced; let the arbitrary power of every family be replaced by any scheme or consensus giving some effect to rights and duties as between family and family; and it is certain that the level of real liberty will be raised all round. So true is this that no instance has ever been known in which a human community has deliberately reverted or desired to revert from a condition of interdependence to one of independence.

The modern world of sovereign independent States has been a world of international or, rather, if I may invent a word, interstatual anarchy. Of such a condition of States the present war is quite a proper outcome, and the immensity of its evils will force civilised mankind to seek a better basis for the future of civilisation, not in any victory of the old system but in a victory of new ideas. Fame and good name will come to those statesmen alone who are able to detach themselves from the statecraft of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

Proceeding from these premisses, I venture to put the case of Ireland before the readers of the ENGLISH REVIEW. In the recent series of Parliamentary elections the people of Ireland have shown that their true claim is to obtain a national liberty not less than that possessed by any other nation. The issue at all these elections has been between the maximum and some diminished grade of national liberty. The elections have been fought and won for the maximum on a stale register and under a restricted franchise. A fresh register would have given increased majorities, and adult suffrage would have shown practical unanimity of public opinion. Already it is seen how obsolete are the political ideas of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. In each of those centuries many Irishmen were sentenced to be hanged, drawn, and quartered for advocating the same programme that has been approved by the votes of the majority in Roscommon, Longford, Clare, and Kilkenny.

It is due to Sir Edward Carson to admit that he has been the first leader of public opinion in Ireland to recognise (and he is a lawyer) that the terms "sedition," "treason," "rebellion," etc., have lost the force attached to them by State lawyers of the buried centuries. Having become Attorney-General for England and Cabinet Minister, he has not wavered from his opinion. The other day, in Belfast, in a hospital ward recently named "The Mountjoy," Sir Edward accepted from his admirers the gift of a model of the ship "Mountjoy." In regard of the obsolete forms of statecraft, the majority and the minority in Ireland are at one. And now that the majority has begun to speak out its mind, there is very little difference between its mind and the mind of the minority. I am an Ulsterman of the north-east, what is called an Ulster Scot, and I know that what I say is true. Ulster supplied the sturdiest element in the sedition, treason, and rebellion that brought about the independence of the United States of America. Independence is in the blood of Ulstermen. Cambrensis bore witness to it seven centuries ago. Milton found the "blockish Presbyterians" of Belfast unsubmissive to the Cromwell *régime*. In my early days I often heard "To hell with the Constitution" from the lips of Antrim Orangemen, grandsons of the Orangemen who protested against the Union.

The Protestant parts of Ulster were the strongholds of the United Irishmen. I remember one Ulster ballad which contained these words:—

> "And being true republicans
> We came from Belfast town,
> And the flag we flew at our masthead
> Was the Harp without the Crown."

Independence, sometimes rather uncouthly expressed, is the keynote of democratic Orangism still—"I'm from Newtownards and I'll spit where I like." It was an appeal to the sentiment of independence that brought the Protestant youth of Ulster into the Ulster Volunteer Force, to resist, if need were, the authority of the Imperial Parliament. The popular "Unionist" motto was not "save us from Home Rule," but "we won't have Home Rule," and Sir Edward knew he was touching the right chord when he said, "It may pass the Imperial Parliament, but it won't pass Portadown." *Sinn Fein* ("ourselves") is less disliked in Ulster than the compromise programme of so-called Constitutionalism.

In the July number of this REVIEW, Major Stuart-Stephens has advocated the establishment of an Irish Republic within the Empire. The eighteenth and nineteenth centuries are already so far out of date that the proposal has been received without any visible shock. This is a case in which England, as well as Ireland, ought to take its courage in both hands. Mr. Redmond's mistake must not be repeated. The right and the wise thing for England to do is to consent freely, without grudge, if possible with generous cordiality, to the establishment of an Irish Republic unconditionally. That is the proposal I have to make. I make it because I want to see a true and final settlement of the differences between my country and England, because I am convinced that national liberty, unlimited except by that interdependence which I hope for among all civilised nations, is the best thing for Ireland. I hold that it will also be best for England.

My own experience for the last five or six years has been the experience of the evolution of an Irish Republic. Many thousands, I think now the great majority, of Irishmen have travelled the same road. No doubt we all held in the germ what we now, owing to the hatching heat of a world crisis,

put forth in full development. Some years ago, on Mr. Redmond's platform at the monster meeting in O'Connell Street, I supported the demand for Home Rule, but I said, "I am convinced that whatever they hold back from us will become a thorn in the flesh to them rather than to us." If now, from the ruins of O'Connell Street and with reference to any other proposal for a settlement, I say the same thing, let me not be met in the spirit of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, with the senile cries of "sedition" and "treason." Then, as now, as my words indicate, I desired not alone the fullest liberty for Ireland, but also a true and final settlement of our ancient quarrel. For twenty-four years I have been in public life, and for four years in politics. I have always advocated a positive constructive policy of Nationalism, not a purely negative policy of hostility to England. We Irish are not a vindictive or a malignant people; it may, indeed, be true that we too much lack the gall to make oppression bitter. It is possibly matter for surprise that we do not hate more the England we know best, the England that manifests itself to us through its official agents in Ireland. I would not write this article if I did not hope that there may be found in England minds courageous and generous enough to seek and find the way to a settlement that will leave no thorn in the flesh.

To this proposal for a settlement in full, there are, so far as I know, only two objections of importance, *viz.*, that the military control of Ireland is necessary to the security of Great Britain, and that the Ulster minority require Great Britain's protection.

The first objection, to be justified, must be brought under a general principle, and in this case the general principle must be that a State or country is entitled to hold military control over another country for the sake of military advantage. We may admit that this is good eighteenth and nineteenth century doctrine. It is undiluted militarism. Does it hold out any hope of a settlement? Can we imagine an Irish people so mean-spirited as to be content to inhabit a Heligoland of the Atlantic?

The less freedom offered in any "settlement," the less that settlement will settle anything. The greater freedom offered in any "settlement" short of the settlement in full, the larger must be the measures for military security and

the more obvious the apparatus of control. From this dilemma, half-heartedness provides no escape.

We are often adjured or advised to forget the past, even while acts of Government in Ireland are making the past present and therefore impossible to forget. Is it not precisely because Englishmen will not forget the past in Ireland that they look upon a free Ireland as a danger to England? The counsels of fear are always treacherous. Let us face the problem without fear and with commonsense.

Ireland, with ruined industries and a reduced population, is still the largest buyer of British products in Europe. With restored prosperity and a full population, Ireland must be the best market for British goods in the world. British restrictions on Irish prosperity, so far as they have not been dictated by a fear to forget the past, have had their root in fallacious economic ideas that were exploded even in the eighteenth century. Prosperity in Ireland must involve an increase of prosperity in Great Britain.

Great Britain has been and will be the principal market for exported Irish produce.

These are facts from which nobody in Ireland or in Britain can get away. Some Englishmen say they cannot understand Ireland, and some, because they cannot understand, take refuge in setting us down as a perverse people. Such persons may be capable of arguing that a free Ireland will be perverse enough to create difficulties hostile to her most obvious material interests.

No country will have a greater interest in the world's peace than Ireland. She will have no colonies and will meditate no conquests. She will have nothing to hope for and much to risk through entangling alliances or engagements with other States, or through allowing her own territory to be used in any way for their purposes in war; and she will be well circumstanced to prevent its use in that way.

I come, now, to the objection that "Ulster," meaning so much of Ulster as nobody is able to determine, will require to be protected against the rest of Ireland. This has been the chief argument of late against Irish self-government in any degree. It was not always so. A few years ago, the project of "partition," of granting Home Rule to Ireland with the exception of Ulster, was discussed by Mr. Walter

Long at a meeting of the Irish Unionist Alliance. Mr. Long scouted the proposal as the most futile that had yet been made in the Home Rule controversy. He stated, amid applause, that in a self-governing Ireland Ulster would be thoroughly well able to take care of herself—a true and honest statement. He went on to say that the section of Irishmen who would really require to be protected against oppression was the scattered Unionist and Protestant community outside of Ulster, whose position would be still further weakened by the political separation of Ulster. And now we find that the case for the Unionists outside of Ulster has been abandoned. More than that, the Ulster Covenant, which was solemnly made applicable to every part of the province, has been torn up, and the Covenanters in several counties of Ulster have been abandoned. Ulster has been made a convenient tool. Every argument in favour of excluding Unionist Ulster from a national government has still greater force against excluding the large Nationalist minority in Ulster. The two negatives cancel each other. The South African settlement made no exclusive provision on behalf of the large British minority that stood loyal to the Empire during the South African War.

Being an Ulsterman, I can testify to the truth and wisdom of Mr. Long's declaration. Protestant Ulster needs no special safeguards. In the *Irish Review* for December, 1913, "An Ulster Imperialist" wrote: "The *status quo* in Ireland has gone. We shall never get back to the form of government in which we have all hitherto lived. Therefore some form of local Irish autonomy is certain. The exclusion of Ulster, or of any part of Ulster, from the form of government prevailing in Ireland, no matter of what kind, is impossible."

There would be no objection to including in the Irish Constitution provisions, based on general principles, which would remove the apprehensions of reasonable people among the minority in all parts of Ireland as well as Ulster. The judges of the Supreme Court in Ireland, sitting together, might form a court of appeal on constitutional questions, and the present *personnel* of the Court would afford an ample guarantee that during the transition period the Protestant, and what is now the Unionist interest, would be well safeguarded. With regard to legislation, the Consti-

tution might provide that there should be no preferential treatment for any particular religion. For public appointments, the principle of open competitive examination should have maximum application. In education, there should be public standards of efficiency, and *every* school, according to its efficiency, should be entitled to share proportionately in the public grants.

The maintenance of Irish independence and of the inviolability of Irish territory would be of especial interest to Great Britain and the United States, and these happen to be the countries which contain the largest Irish element, outside of Ireland, in their population. They are also the countries that are likely to have the most intimate commercial relations with Ireland. Only from Britain would Ireland be liable to a sudden invasion in force, and we need hardly doubt that, having once arrived at friendly relations with Ireland on the most secure basis, Great Britain would not desire to make Ireland again her enemy.

The alternative is the perpetual military domination of Ireland—and not merely of Ireland's fighting strength, or of her economic interests, as in the past, but of all the spiritual forces of a tenacious people which is now clearer and stronger than ever in the determination to preserve its nationality. Ireland cannot be conquered. Partial conquests have been effected again and again, and the attempt may still be meditated. But the world is changing before our eyes, and the old saying is worth bearing in mind : Once too often the pitcher goes to the well.

Postcript.—The basis of the notion of interdependence —as against independence—among States and nations should be, I imagine, a recognition of the principle that obtains in civilised free communities, namely, that each unit, whether weak or strong for its own protection, is regarded as equal to each other unit "in the eye of the law." I am not supposing the existence of a fully effective international law in the near future. All that I postulate is that, in whatever principles may be propounded to regulate the future interdependence of nations, the weak shall have the same consideration as the strong. The nations themselves must have that right to define their own liberty, that is, their claim to equality among the rest, which Mr. Balfour has advocated for the nationalities subject to the imperial authority of Austro-Hungary.

A Note on Bullen's Poetry

By Douglas Ainslie

THERE is an interesting biographical preface to this little book of posthumous verse, *Weeping Cross and Other Rimes*, by A. H. Bullen (Sidgwick and Jackson) by M. T. D., who knew and loved the author. He remarks incidentally that one of Bullen's friends was "amazed" at their having been composed. He goes on to extol them highly, and shows that he is well able to appreciate their exquisiteness. The amazement seems, however, to be out of place, for one with the emotional temperament and the æsthetic sense so highly developed as the author of *The Willow and Weeping-Cross* was almost sure to have written some verse, and very unlikely to have written much verse, or verse which was not exquisite in its way: what I should like to call vintage verse.

The reason for this is not far to seek when one considers the mode of life and the practical activities of A. H. Bullen. On the one hand, he was a recluse—in a relative sense; on the other an editor and publisher of much of our rarer and remoter poetry, downwards from the Elizabethans. I was one of the first purchasers of Lyrics from Elizabethan Song-Books and of Lyrics from Elizabethan Dramatists, also of *Musa Proterva*, which contains some lovely later Caroline poetry. The publisher of these and of many other volumes, which he selected with the fastidious taste of the patron and expert, just the opposite of the speculator in other men's brains, was not likely to have overmuch time available, when his real day's work and his long day-dreams had each been awarded their full meed of hours. And with taste and judgment sharpened and refined to diamond-cutting capacity by frequentation of the gem-cutters of the Hellenic and other pasts, it is not likely that he would have allowed anything to leave his hands unworthily or hastily executed.

Turning therefore the pages of the little collection with the confidence born of knowledge that we are not going to

be asked to taste aught that is not refined gold, we are met on the very first of these with the sad little lyric about the storming of the Citadel of Fame, and the poet's failure to storm it. But with the irony of the exquisite the very lines in which he chronicles this failure is but the first leaf of the laurel crown which he weaves for himself in the ensuing pages. We find, it is true, a plaintive note, running through all or most of these lyrics, but is not that of the essence of this poet's genius, and is not whatsoever it might once have possessed of the sense of failure, of the tears in things, utterly consumed in the beautiful expression smiling up at us with immortal joy?

Such a brief blossoming as that Almond's, that February Almond's, for instance, born of the stress and sorrow of war-time, where he finds in the courageous bloom the emblem of our youthful buds of human courage, who went forth in those not distant cheerless days to do combat for England, instead of fading with the moment of its composition, shines on there, and will shine, starlike, for many readers yet unborn. He was always friends with bowers—ah, that lovely golden jessamine of December beside the cottage door, and the league-long walk with the friend on the frozen road, and by moonlight, suddenly, the upspringing of that "miracle of grace—a silver-plumèd birch"! The lime-tree too, that he loved as a boy and loved later in the mythology, and the beech, and, above all, those splendid stalwart oaks, with which he communes for a while, a give-and-take of rhythmic singlestick—alternate praise and detraction—ending with that rare swipe that knocks the adversary silly and the oak-trees win:

> "Who carried Drake through strange uncharted seas?
> Be all your faults forgot, heroic trees!"

And here we touch a fundamental quality of Bullen's style: his sense for pointed epigram, rather in the manner of the eighteenth century than in the wider sense of the Greeks, though the lyrical quality of the Greek Muse was always present to him, as witnessed by the enchanting renderings from the Anthologies, and other lyrics, as to which we misdoubt the Hellenic origin and glance wistfully towards Avon banks (Bullen lived at Stratford)—I quote just this one as a sample from the bouquet fragrant-scented:

"The honey-throated nightingale, our Musa the blue-eyed,
This narrow tomb claimed suddenly, where she doth voiceless bide;
For all her art and all her fame, stone-still she lies to-day,
And over thee, our Musa fair, light lie the dust for aye."

Bullen, says the writer of the preface, was the most modest of men, a close critic of his own and a friendly critic of others' verse, and he would reply if asked to add others to his written verses: "See how people like them; if they do, I can easily write more."

Our one regret in closing this little book, which we owe to the loving care and affection of his cousins, is that it was not sooner published, for certainly more verses such as these would be ever welcome at the banquet of the Muses.

But if I mistake not, this little light bark has less chance of foundering in the rapids and cataracts of the years to come than many a splendid galleon of to-day, with the skipper at the helm and sails full of windy puffs.

A Melancholy Contrast

By Civis

A Treasury White Paper has just been published showing a Civil List of pensions of £100, £80, and £50 granted to "distinguished people" in need. It is an extraordinary document of our time, setting in melancholy relief the inequity of the distribution of reward to merit and worth and the highest form of labour.

In the list are a number of widows of men who have earned high distinction in science, research work, in literature and scholarship, including a well-known war correspondent, a sculptor, an author, and perhaps our sweetest lyric poet; yet all that the State can offer is a dole of less than £2 a week in the best cases, less than £1 a week in the lowest.

Not an unskilled boy's wage.

In the last three years we have thrown away a hundred and thirty million pounds on the wastes of Mesopotamia. Enormous sums have been given in subsidies of all kinds. Huge bonuses are still given to the new bureaucracy. A policeman would walk out were he offered the dole offered to the widows of these distinguished men. But to intellect merely a pittance. Not an office girl's salary, and England bristling with war profiteers!

Now the Lord Chancellor has a pension of £5,000 a year, and there are five so running to-day. What a ghastly revelation! What a truly hideous picture of the discrepancy of wealth in our so-called civilisation! What a commentary on democracy! Is this all that England can do for her true servants? Is this the value of mind to-day? It seems incredible. We budget at over a thousand millions. The price of one battleship would provide ample means for all the widows of the great men in Britain. Is it thus we think to rebuild England? Merit hasn't even a workhouse standard. Truly this is an outrageous public indecency.

Great Prospects

By Austin Harrison

The American call to a conference on disarmament and the Far East is perhaps the most important event since the Armistice, for what it implies is the return of American civilisation to the duty and work of peace. Sooner or later, this re-fusion of interest and culture between the Old and the New Worlds was inevitable; the break in the fighting entente of Britain and America was artificial, unnatural, and now on the materialist plane it is seen to be disastrous. Isolation is no longer a practical policy. Cutting the painter with Europe was a gesture, not a principle, and it has produced little but chaos, distrust and disillusion even in America. The President is once more disposed to pick up the threads of the kind of negotiations, conversations, and conferences prompted by the Covenant, and foreseeing a Far Eastern problem as great and perilous as the one which confronted Europe before 1914, he asks for the cards on the table and a square talk. Unquestionably, that is the right way. Only an enemy of his people could object. We have gladly accepted the proposal, and so the second world Conference will begin, probably on Armistice Day, November 11.

The prospects opened up by this new diplomatic method are great, particularly to us on whose shoulders and pockets the burden of the Paris Peace presses so intolerably. As things in Europe stand, Britain is the banker of a bankrupt Europe which cannot trade, which has been reorganised on force, which politically, socially, nationally, and economically means war. Our "slump" is due to it directly. Those who think that now that the coal strike is over trade will revive, and Europe will be sending in orders by the million, forget the Peace which has set up zones of militarism under the central imperialism of France regardless

of economic laws and necessities; that such a Europe cannot buy, consequently we cannot sell—which is the simple explanation of our decline and crisis since the gold standard enthusiasts started to deflate, and we ceased living on bank overdrafts on Government paper credit. From the cold, hard basis of fact, therefore, any conference calculated to remove some of the horrors and obligations left by the Peace must be gratefully received, and such clearly is the American idea. Things cannot just go on awaiting the "brainy wheeze" of some politician. Things have reached such a plight that America wants to know what we feel about it. In intention she renews the projection of Paris, which broke so catastrophically over the personality of ex-President Wilson. Without naming the League of Nations the new Conference will be a continuation of that body (with authority), or it will be nothing; the significant thing is this re-statement of covenant law and association.

America's political aim is practical. It is to find out the need of naval armaments in connection with Japan and our Alliance, in short, to see what can be done to stop the armaments policy, and, if not, to decide what she is to do. To Britain, this convocation is a windfall. The reason of the Japanese Alliance is spent, and unless we want to fight America, is merely a legacy of a balance of power that to-day no longer exists. Our future lies westwards, across the Atlantic, in and with America, and that is the fundamental mistake we made in constituting ourselves the fighting prop and pillar of a Europe remapped on hate, which cannot possibly endure even economically. Here, then, is the door of escape. We always have the casting luck. We have it again. The immense importance of this Conference will turn directly on Anglo-Saxon relations, without which we shall merely have another ambassadorial talk of the pre-war kind which leads by the very nature of things to fresh preparations for war, according to the accredited formula. The Conference will give us the opportunity to declare our policy, above all, to prove whether we have learnt any lesson from the war, whether we are to remain the "flaming second" of Japan, or to move constructively and culturally at the side of America as the example of world-peace.

Failure is almost out of the question, provided we obtain a rational settlement with Ireland, for in that case we shall go to America shriven and redeemed, as true friends, but Ireland will unquestionably be almost a pre-condition of success. So far as our Alliance with Japan is concerned, we ought to denounce it, or at least so to reconstitute it that by no conceivable feat of diplomacy can we be brought into opposition with America in connection with Japanese imperialism. Our Colonies will probably be helpful. Canada, in her own interests, does not favour the Alliance, and what Canada says now must be very carefully considered; nor does South Africa want it. There should be no difficulty in arriving at a satisfactory arrangement on the Alliance; the real problem is policy, principle of policy, in which connection China emerges from the European war as the focal fighting-ground of the Eastern war, as visualised already by the Americans and the imperial party in Japan. There will be no regulation of the strength of navies if Japan evades this issue, and we stand by such evasion, nor will the disarmament question be more than a polemic unless first principles of statesmanship are produced and the signatory nations are prepared to accept and apply them. France, it may be noted, talks of sending Marshal Foch. Far better send Carpentier. If so, we shall probably respond with Field-Marshal Wilson, a combination which will probably reintroduce General Pershing and Admiral Harikari. Not exactly hopeful. But the pressure is fierce. Bankrupt Europe is growing more bankrupt. The nations cannot buy on the mad exchanges, we in particular are feeling the results of the economic madhouse keenly and resentfully; the rich are shouting about taxation, the poor are witnessing the demolition of their war-time hopes, wages and illusions. England is growing slowly and sensibly poorer, in fine, the price of the French Peace is felt in every home and cottage, and if America can provide relief we shall most gratefully take it. Now America can provide this relief. She is the great credit Power solvent. Our whole future depends upon whether we line up Westwards or go in for the Napoleonic partnership on land with France, on the seas with Japan.

At Washington the balance of power will be challenged

—that is the significance of the American invitation. If Japan cannot abandon Prussianism in the East, we shall have to decide definitely either to support or to leave her. The former decision means war sooner or later, naval building, all the pre-war atmosphere of secret diplomacy, lies, intrigue and suspicion, and a financial liability we can only attempt at our peril. The alternative is America's friendship. Of the two, the war way is lunacy. We should reveal ourselves as hypocrites; we should declare ourselves hostile to the open door, the supporter of militarism, false to our war cry and to our world S.O.S. appeal, as unfriendly to America. Certainly the nation will not stand for such a declaration of unrighteousness. Even on the crudest test of self-interest such a policy would be absurd. The Conference thus can hardly fail to open auspiciously, and in all probability the East is only the veil covering the West, which also will have to be discussed in far more ways than one. True, the other League shapes somewhat disconsolately before the coming Conference with power, and disarmament as a general policy may hardly advance beyond the decorum of a protocol, but one ambiguity should not blind us to the other ambiguities which exist *ad nauseam* as the result of a ludicrous Peace. Washington will witness the asseveration of America as the great solvent Power, arbiter of the East, Defender of the Faith—of democracies. She will not this time seek a pragmatic sanction, but she will in the quiet atmosphere at Washington think as peace-maker; she will talk economic truths in place of the economic fallacies of Versailles; she will try to harmonise her ideals with ours, and if we refuse, if, led away by clamour, intrigue, personal or domestic politics, we miss this crowning opportunity, then assuredly we shall have attested to our own incompetence. That is our hope. Crippled with debt, faced with years of unbearable taxation, destined to grow poor as the devitalised Europe of the new map grows poorer, we can hardly decline the proffered hand, the gift of credit, the security of friendship, the prospects of recovery embodied in co-operation with America, on which condition lies the continuity of this Empire. Canada will not now accept an alliance insidiously compromising her neighbourly relationship. Why should she? Thus the root problem of empire is implicated. It will not

be a joust of personality and pomp. We shall go to Washington to receive the apple of concord or cut it. Really, it is difficult to see how we can fail.

The Canadian Premier stated Canada's case eloquently in the phrase that "Canada was not a replica of England." That is the kernel of the problem, and Canada cannot now be invited to share vast expenses in armaments invidiously directed against her neighbour with her thousand miles of an "invisible" frontier. All idea of constitutionalising the Empire will fail, as will any theoretical imposition of union. And here we are dealing with the life-force of our civilisation, in which America economically forms a constituent part. Every member of our delegation to Washington should first study the history of Rome with its lesson of "far-flung" empires and consequent decay, for certainly if we go there minded to play the conqueror, without a piece of paper, a policy or a principle, we shall fail as dismally as we failed at Paris. But the issue is relatively simple. We are not asked to develop a policy, we are invited to share a policy which happens to be entirely in our best interests calculated to save us millions a year in armaments. This is the first tangible result of the war. Our horizon is no longer in Europe, it extends to the Pacific. Instead of a European responsibility, we face an Empire responsibility, the gambit of which is America. We are moving towards the greater orbit. World economics control, and the interests of the parts are stronger than the sympathy of the whole for the whole. Thus we stand before a momentous decision. The balance of power has passed to the Far East with the balance of credit. China, India, Japan—these are going to be the New World problems as with the eclipse of Russia and Central Europe Western civilisation declines. Our problem is: shall we drift into the European slough or fuse progressively with the New World? Washington will be the first step. There we must unmask. There we shall have to shape the new course. There we shall truly discover what we have gained or lost in the Great War.

The importance to Britain of getting a line with America can hardly be exaggerated, for the collapse of a buying

Europe has left us with a population problem of unpleasant significance. This autumn we shall find the emigration policy in full blast, and the prospect for many a "hero" will be emigration or unemployment. As the result of the coal strike, the Government gives a £10,000,000 subsidy, but coal rises in price, which is surely the complete demonstration of the fatuity of that kind of war waged in economic conditions which must hurt labour. Yet coal, it was said, is the key to our trade recovery. It is to be dearer now, that is all. Labour does not even laugh. Nobody laughs. Indeed, as wages fall, prices rise owing to political dislocations which provide grist to the monopolists. In such conditions Britain cannot recover. In Europe we are losing trade because by depreciating her exchange Germany captures the orders, and so already Australia is crying out for German business to enable us to finance her. Mr. Maynard Keynes alone laughs boisterously. Politicians at Paris destroyed the golden goose. Even Poland is growing alarmed at her idiot credit, and still the Supreme Council cannot settle the Silesian problem, cannot even stop the predatory wars of her satellites, as we see in the cowardly attack of the Greeks on a disarmed Turkey, truly one of the most amoral wars recorded of a Christian nation. There is no peace, because the little nations, emulating the victor nations, seek power and possessions and the argument of the peace is war. World economic conferences report, the Supreme Council does nothing, can do nothing, for the two controlling Powers are aiming at finance politics, playing this off against that, dodging, scheming, intriguing, lying, and the mountains of paper grow and credit falls, and the great smash gets nearer. To us, America offers the golden bridge of understanding. With it, we shall escape the deluge, but without it our only option is to muddle through the wreckage of Europe if we can without striking the rocks. For in Europe the equation of Napoleon redivivus is Russia —Moscow the second. Once more Napoleonism will fail. Our hope lies with the new Columbus on the confines of the Pacific.

The results of success will be of world consequence. It is not an alliance that matters, it is the spirit establishing understanding, sympathy and co-operation that will make

any settlement epochal, for to-day clearly the English-speaking peoples of the world have reached a climacteric. We either diverge or converge. As the units of empire grow into separate self-governing wholes, and America takes her place at the zenith, Britain too must move with the spirit of the new groupings and associations or herself lag behind to be no longer an inspiration, to give no more of herself. As the Empire decentralises, it transfuses. And that is our imperial problem. The interest tends to become less common, the more common is the underlying nexus. To-day the fruits are almost ripe. There is no longer a centre of governance. The denominator is not reciprocal. The Empire is a heart, not a body; a mind, not an organism. To decide on any policy calculated to disintegrate would be a madman's course, the consequences of which might well be incalculable. For this reason alone earnest statesmanship is essential. The very course of civilisation must depend upon an equation with the New World, for on it will hang the fate of the Old World. That is why in favourable conditions far more is likely to be discussed than Far Eastern naval policy, which will be the tuning-fork of the real instrument to be played on. One can only hope that irrelevancies will not obtrude, as at Paris; that politicians will speak from a chartered policy, and not as opportunists; that professions will be genuine and all secrecy taboo. As there will be no problem of reparations, there should be no incentive to recriminations. Indeed, we shall go to receive rather than to give. We have everything to gain by success, everything to lose by failure. So far as we and America are concerned, the path would seem strewn with roses. Our key is Ireland. If that miserable secular fight is restarted, we shall hardly be able to do justice to ourselves at Washington, for we shall lack the sanction of civilisation. The fates are kind, we can say that. Unkind will be our lot if we cannot rise to the golden opportunity of peace at home and with the New World.

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ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

GEORGE CALDERON. By PERCY LUBBOCK. Grant Richards. 14*s.* net.

SON of Calderon, the Royal Academician, and remotely descended from the Spanish poet, George Calderon at the age of forty-seven utterly disappeared from ken leading his men in an attack upon the Turkish trenches in Gallipoli on June 4, 1915, leaving behind varied fulfilments, great promise, and many friends. Of these two, Mr. Laurence Binyon, who contributes an elegiac poem, and Mr. Percy Lubbock, the author of this "sketch from memory," were both at Oxford with the man whose life they commemorate. The letters from training-camp in England, from Flanders, and from Gallipoli give the quality of the man who, far over age, wangled his way into the fighting line and spent himself with gay philosophy for the cause which he embraced with the abounding zeal and cheer that seem to have characterised his varied authorships, travels, and philological studies. From the brief table of George Calderon's life,

together with the facts and pictures which are given and suggested in his friend's appreciation, we gather that a better subject for a full-dress biography would be difficult to find; and however consoling these suave and pleasant memories may be to his many friends, it is pretty clear that they cannot make so wide an appeal or be so useful and informing as a confessedly biographical study would be.

FICTION.

HUNGER. By KNUT HAMSUN. Duckworth. 8*s.* 6*d.* net.

GEORGE EGERTON, the translator of *Hunger*, apparently tried this strange book upon an unready English-speaking world more than twenty years ago, when Hamsun was a new and rebel force, meeting with the sort of reception which is the lot of the innovator of genius. Now that he has come into his own with the Nobel prize, and the unstinted approval of many of our own leading authors, it is interesting to go back to his earlier work and see the sort of thing which aroused a storm of opposition and something like obloquy from his contemporaries when *Hunger* first appeared as the work of an unknown writer. Certainly, a young man who talks about "Novelist Maupassant," "Missionary Tolstoi," and "Dancing-master Shakespeare" is not lacking in the audacity of youth, and needs to develop very remarkable personal qualities to carry the burden of his irreverence. Well, the remarkable qualities are forthcoming, and no doubt the jejune opinions modified as the man has developed, and to-day we can congratulate George Egerton upon spotting a winner. *Ex post facto,* it is comparatively easy to see genius in *Hunger*; in any case, it is arresting work—the story of a penniless scribbler, whose shifts and struggles are wrapped in the psychology of a pathological condition, in which a square meal intoxicates, and sheer starvation elevates, into a condition of warped and infantile vanity, or depresses to a condition of servile and cringing compliance.

THE OUTER CIRCLE. By THOMAS BURKE. Allen and Unwin. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

LIKE respectable citizens, the London suburbs keep themselves *to* themselves. At least, that is Mr. Burke's conception of them, and by the time we have finished this delightfully chatty volume we are more than inclined to share it. A Manchester man is just a Manchester man; but the Londoner from Chiswick is a Chiswick man, and smiles condescendingly when you speak of Forest Hill or Walthamstow. Mr. Burke looks on London as an assembly of camps, whose members ask nothing of their neighbours. Thus, each of them has conserved a curious sort of individuality, and it has been his business to discover for himself wherein exactly the difference lies. In Highgate, for instance (and he ought to know, because he lives there), heartiness is forbidden. Joy has persisted in Tottenham from Isaak Walton's day to this. The girls who parade Electric Avenue, Brixton, are as different from the girls of Grand Parade, Muswell Hill, in their qualities of charm and temperament, as are the Seville girls from the Trondhjem girls. And so on. The test which Mr. Burke seems always to apply is that of freedom; a suburb whose main

character is that of self-restraint has far less respect shown to it in this compilation of comparative suburbology than have the suburban newspapers and cakes and ale. It is an ideal test for his purpose; and his chapters have everywhere the flavour of the local gossip-sheet, the smack of junketings. They are, moreover, of much topographical interest. He has dug out and served up again the legendary lore of each district; so that the ghosts of travelling queens and their escorts mix harmoniously with the dark looming spectres of factories and fluffy maisonettes, and the dreary outer circle should be to his readers as fascinating henceforward, if not quite so thrilling, as those dark haunts of the exiled Chinee have been since the appearance of *Limehouse Nights*. We are indebted to Mr. Burke for nothing so much as this bright and characteristic book. T. M.

POETRY.

Lyra Mutabilis. By Morley Roberts.

Winged Victory. By C. H. B. Kitchin. Basil Blackwell. Oxford. Each 5*s*. net.

From Mr. Basil Blackwell's press at Oxford come two well-printed and slender volumes of verse in pleasant, unpretentious format distinctly above the average of the rill of poetry which flows perpetual. Each at least preserves the decencies of the great tradition of versecraft, and eschews the strange fashion of to-day for *vers libre* and futurism, so that quite elderly people can read them in comfort. Mr. Morley Roberts, indeed, sings with almost exaggerated simplicity, and, in places, almost attains the telegraphic brevity of the "Boy, gun; joy, fun; gun bust; boy dust" method. He is nowhere more complex than, say, "Peter Bell"; but he sometimes attains the charm and pathos which the naïveté of the narrow frame can best compass, and his lyrics of frustrate maternal instinct, the "Lyra Feminea," are remarkably poignant in their quiet urgency. The best of all, "The Weeping Mother," has considerable power, and in all there is an artful artlessness which allures. Mr. C. H. B. Kitchin, in *Winged Victory,* is more youthful and Byronic in manner, and the Sherlock Holmes latent in all readers seems to see an undergrad with rooms *au troisième* with a casement opening upon perilous moonlit spires—an Eights Week romance turned to a vision of the perpetual valse of Paolo and Francesca. "Florestan," a tragedy in the eighteenth-century manner, and a general tendency to see the commonplaces of life lit by poetic glamour—all quite traditional and proper to Oxford. The few little poem pictures of "The Battlefields Revisited" break away from a tendency to verbiage, and give some proof of living emotion beneath the flowing and figured garment of words. Altogether there is more than a suggestion of individuality underlying this writer's rather ornate method.

REPARATIONS.

The Economics of Reparations. By J. A. Hobson. Allen and Unwin. 1*s*. net.

Most people think that Reparations is settled, some don't, a few know the ghastly truth which is set out in this pamphlet with the

sure lucidity of the exact thinker. If only men would read this calm statement, consider it without bias, then hope would revive. For there can be no hope as things stand. The position of Europe is this. Germany has been forced to sign to payments she cannot make, for our policy is to prevent her exporting, that is paying; and if it be asked why then this absurdity the answer is France's desire of revenge; France knows that Germany cannot fulfil, hence the sanctions which France hopes to realise at the first default and so secure the Rhine and the break-up of Germany. To England, this policy implies disaster, because we must sell. All this is explained by Mr. Hobson with admirable objectivity and logic. We should all read it.

TRAVEL.

PARIS NIGHTS. (New and Revised Edition). By ARNOLD BENNETT. Hodder & Stoughton. 15*s*. net.

WHAT a phenomenal fellow is this Mr. Arnold Bennett! The one example in modern times of a man of real genius who is not ashamed —nay, boasts—of being the superlatively successful journalist. Just as our youthful sympathies used to be claimed for the king who drew pictures on loose paper during the mediaeval sermon, so Mr. Bennett, in any idle moment, must still be writing his impressions of it. Moreover the result has long proved so engaging to a public that exalts actuality above the finer virtues, that not only have we seen his latest book-about-nothing sell like hot cakes, but Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton have now reproduced, in charming form, the collection of fugitive travel papers, from 1907 to 1911, that are grouped under the title of *Paris Nights*—though in fact the scenes of them range from San Remo to the Hanbridge Empire.

Impressionist journalism undisguised, the book is one that, in its present really beautiful form, and with the sympathetic line drawings of Mr. E. A. Richards to illustrate it, is a genuine pleasure to read. Mr. Bennett's ever fresh curiosity at his own adventures in the path of life make him of course the ideal reporter of the incidents of that journey; in the present volume, whether he is scoring off the haughty attendant in a Riviera Train de Grand Luxe, or taking a steamer-trip from Liverpool to the Isle of Man, he does it with a receptive passion that explains why, though a decade has made these sketches almost fabulously out of date, their infinite vivacity is still wholly unstaled. A. E.

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